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THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

COMPLETE IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.
II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, AND CONTINUATION.
III. SERMONS.—IV. LETTERS.
V. THE FRAGMENT.
VI. THE KORAN.
VII. HISTORY OF A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOL. VII.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY J. TURNBULL, ANCHOR-CLOSE,
FOR GRAY, MAYER, & CO. BOOKSELLERS, GLASGOW.

1803.

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

LAURENCE STERNE

TO

HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS.

Library of
E. A. Barnes
6-12-40
8vo.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

WHEN I was aſked to whom I ſhould dedicate theſe Letters, I careleſsly anſwered, To no one—Why not? (replied the perſon who put the queſtion to me). Becauſe moſt Dedications look like begging a protection to the book. Perhaps a worſe interpretation may be given to it. No, no! already ſo much obliged, I cannot, will not, put another tax upon the generoſity of any friend of Mr. Sterne's or mine. I went home to my lodgings, and gratitude warmed my heart to ſuch a pitch, that I vowed they ſhould be dedicated to the man my father ſo much admired—Who, with an unprejudiced eye, read, and approved his works, and moreover loved the man—'Tis to Mr. Garrick, then, that I dedicate theſe Genuine Letters.

Can I forget the ſweet * Epitaph which proved Mr. Garrick's friendſhip and opinion of him? 'Twas a tribute to friendſhip—and as a tribute of my grati-

* Shall Pride a heap of ſculptur'd marble raiſe,
Some worthleſs, unmourn'd, titled fool to praiſe;
And ſhall we not by one poor grave-ſtone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour, ſleep with *Sterne*?

D. G.

Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, November 24, 1713, and died in London March 18, 1768.

PREFACE.

In publiſhing theſe Letters, the editor does but comply with her mother's requeſt, which was, that if any letters were publiſh'd under Mr. Sterne's name, thoſe ſhe had in her poſſeſſion (as well as thoſe that her father's friends would be kind enough to ſend to her) ſhould be likewiſe publiſh'd—She depends much on the candour of the Public for the favourable reception of them,—Their being genuine*, ſhe thinks, and hopes, will render them not unacceptable—She has already experienced much benevolence and generoſity from her late father's friends—the remembrance of which will ever warm her heart with gratitude!

* Beſides the Letters printed by Mrs. Medalle, thoſe written by Mr. Sterne to Eliza, and a few others, are added to the preſent Edition.

IN MEMORY OF

MR. STERNE,

AUTHOR OF THE

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

With wit, and genuine humour, to diſpel,
From the deſponding boſom, gloomy care,
And bid the guſhing tear, at the ſad tale
Of hapleſs love or filial grief, to flow
From the full ſympathizing heart, were thine;
Theſe powers, O STERNE! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd herſe
Proclaiming honour where no virtue ſhone)
But the ſad tribute of a heart-felt ſigh:
What though no taper caſt its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir ſing requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of hardſhip is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn treſſes careleſsly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the cloſe of day,
Shall chant her plaintive veſpers at thy grave.
Thy ſhade too, gentle Monk, 'mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For erſt his ſweet benevolence beſtow'd
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The ſod which reſted on thy aged breaſt.

A

CHARACTER AND EULOGIUM

OF

STERNE AND HIS WRITINGS,

IN A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN IN IRELAND TO HIS FRIEND.

[Written in the Year 1769.]

WHAT trifle comes next?—Spare the cenſure, my friend,
This letter's no more from beginning to end:
Yet, when you conſider (your laughter, pray, ſtifle)
The advantage, the importance the uſe of a trifle—
When you think too beſide—and there's nothing more clear—
That pence compoſe millions, and moments the year,
You ſurely will grant me, nor think that I jeſt,
That life's but a ſeries of trifles at beſt.

How widely digreſſive? yet could I, O STERNE*,
Digreſs with thy ſkill, with thy freedom return!

* The late Reverend *Laurence Sterne*, A. M. &c. author of that truly original, humorous, heteroclite work, called, the Life and Opinions of *Triſtram Shandy*, of a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy (which, alas! he did not live to finiſh), and of ſome volumes of Sermons. Of his ſkill in delineating and ſupporting his characters, thoſe of the father of his hero, of his uncle *Toby*, and of Corporal *Trim* (out of numberleſs others), affords am-

The vain wiſh I repreſs—Poor YORICK! no more
Shall thy mirth and thy jeſts "ſet the table on a roar;"
No more thy ſad tale, with ſimplicity told,
O'er each feeling breaſt its ſtrong influence hold,
From the wiſe and the brave call forth ſympathy's figh,
Or ſwell with ſweet anguiſh humanity's eye:
Here and there in a page if a blemiſh appear,
(And what page, or what life, from a blemiſh is clear?)
TRIM and TOBY with ſoft interceſſion attend;
LE FEVRE entreats you to pardon his friend;
MARIA too pleads for her fav'rite diſtreſs'd,
As you feel for her ſorrows, O grant her requeſt!

ple proof. To his power in the pathetic, whoever ſhall read the ſtories of *Le Fevre*, *Maria*, the *Monk*, and the *Dead Aſs*, muſt, if he has feelings, bear ſufficient teſtimony; and his *Sermons* throughout (though ſometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindeſt ſpirits of *philanthropy, of good-will towards man*. For the few exceptional parts of his works, thoſe ſmall blemiſhes

Quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.—

ſuffer them, kind critic, to reſt with his aſhes!

The above eulogium will, I doubt not, appear to you (and perhaps alſo to many others) much too high for the literary character of STERNE. I have not at preſent either leiſure or inclination to enter into argument upon the queſtion; but, in truth, I conſider myſelf as largely his debtor for the tears and the laughter he ſo frequently excited, and was deſirous to leave behind me (for ſo long at leaſt as this triſle ſhall remain) ſome ſmall memorial of my gratitude: I will even add, that, although I regard the memory of *Shakſpeare* with a veneration little ſhort of idolatry, I eſteem the *Monk*'s *horn-box* a relic "as devoutly to be wiſhed" as a pipe-ſtopper, a walking-ſtick, or even an ink-ſtand of the *mulberry-tree*.

Should theſe advocates fail, I've another to call,
One tear of his MONK ſhall obliterate all.
Favour'd pupil of Nature and Fancy, of yore,
Whom from Humour's embrace ſweet Philanthrop
bore,
While the Graces and Loves ſcatter flowers on t
urn,
And Wit weeps the bloſſom too haſtily torn;
This meed too, kind Spirit, unoffended receive
From a youth next to SHAKESPEARE's who hono
thy grave!

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LETTERS.

LETTER I *.

TO MISS L——.

YES! I will ſteal from the world, and not a babbling tongue ſhall tell where I am—Echo ſhall not ſo much as whiſper my hiding place——Suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little ſun-gilt cottage, on the ſide of a romantic hill——Doſt thou think I will leave love and friendſhip behind me? No! they ſhall be my companions in ſolitude, for they will ſit down and riſe up with me in the amiable form of my L.—We will be as merry and as innocent as our firſt parents in Paradiſe, before the arch fiend entered that undeſcribable ſcene.

The kindeſt affections will have room to ſhoot and expand in our retirement, and produce ſuch fruit as madneſs, and envy, and ambition have always killed in the bud.——Let the human tempeſt and hurricane rage at a diſtance, the deſolation is beyond the horizon of peace.——My L. has ſeen a

* This and the three ſubſequent Letters were written by Mr. Sterne to his wife, while ſhe reſided in Staffordſhire before their marriage.

polyanthus blow in December——ſome friendly wall has ſhelter'd it from the biting wind.—No planetary influence ſhall reach us, but that which preſides and cheriſhes the ſweeteſt flowers.—GOD preſerve us! how delightful this proſpect in idea! We will build, and we will plant, in our own way—ſimplicity ſhall not be tortured by art—we will learn of Nature how to live——ſhe ſhall be our alchymiſt, to mingle all the good of life into one ſaluhrious draught.—— The gloomy family of care and diſtruſt ſhall be baniſhed from our dwelling; guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity—we will ſing our choral ſongs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L. Return to one who languiſhes for thy ſociety.

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

You bid me tell you, my dear L. how I bore your departure for S——, and whether the valley where d'Eſtella ſtands, retains ſtill its looks—or, if I think the roſes or jeſſamines ſmell as ſweet as when you left it——Alas! every thing has now loſt its reliſh and look! The hour you left d'Eſtella, I took to my bed.——I was worn out with fevers of all kinds, but moſt by that fever of the heart with which thou knoweſt well I have been waſting theſe two years—and ſhall continue waſting till you quit S——. The good Miſs S——, from the forebodings of the beſt of hearts, thinking I was ill, inſiſted upon my go-

ing to her.——What can be the cauſe, my dear L. that I never have been able to ſee the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myſelf rent to pieces? She made me ſtay an hour with her, and in that ſhort ſpace I burſt into tears a dozen different times—— and in ſuch affectionate guſts of paſſion, that ſhe was conſtrained to leave the room, and ſympathize in her dreſſing-room——I have been weeping for you both, ſaid ſhe, in a tone of the ſweeteſt pity —for poor L.'s heart, I have long known it——her anguiſh is as ſharp as yours—her heart as tender— her conſtancy as great——her virtues as heroic—— Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only anſwer her with a kind look, and a heavy ſigh——and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired till your return) to reſign myſelf to miſery——Fanny had prepared me a ſupper ——ſhe is all attention to me——but I ſat over it with tears; a bitter ſauce, my L. but I could eat it with no other—for the moment ſhe began to ſpread my little table, my heart fainted within me.——One ſolitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glaſs!——I gave a thouſand penſive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hadſt ſo often graced, in thoſe quiet and ſentimental repaſts——then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it acroſs my face, and wept like a child.——I do ſo this very moment, my L.; for, as I take up my pen, my poor pulſe quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L——. O thou, bleſſed in thyſelf, and in thy virtues—bleſſed to all that know thee—to me

moſt ſo, becauſe more do I know of thee than all thy ſex.——This is the philtre, my L. by which thou haſt charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine, whilſt virtue and faith hold this world together.—This, my friend, is the plain and ſimple magic, by which I told Miſs ———I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend ſo ſatisfied, that time, or diſtance, or change of every thing which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneaſy ſuſpenſe in mine——Waſt thou to ſtay in S—— theſe ſeven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, ſcorns to doubt or to be doubted—'tis the only exception where ſecurity is not the parent of danger.——I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me ſince your departure——contrives every day bringing in the name of L.—She told me laſt night (upon giving me ſome hartſhorn) ſhe had obſerved my illneſs began the very day of your departure for S——; that I had never held up my head; had ſeldom, or ſcarce ever ſmiled; had fled from all ſociety——that ſhe verily believed I was broken hearted, for ſhe had never entered the room, or paſſed by the door, but ſhe heard me ſigh heavily—that I neither ate, or ſlept, or took pleaſure in any thing as before.—Judge then, my L. can the valley look ſo well—or the roſes and jeſſamines ſmell ſo ſweet as heretofore? Ah me!—But adieu—the veſper bell calls me from thee to my God!

L. STERNE.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

BEFORE now my L. has lodged an indictment againſt me in the high court of Friendſhip—I plead guilty to the charge, and entirely ſubmit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal.—Let this mitigate my puniſhment, if it will not expiate my tranſgreſſion—do not ſay, that I ſhall offend again in the ſame manner, though a too eaſy pardon ſometimes occaſions a repetition of the ſame fault.—A miſer ſays, though I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow ſhall be marked with ſome deed of beneficence.—The libertine ſays, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleaſures, and the next I will dedicate to ſerious thought and reflection.—The gameſter ſays, let me have one more chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more. ——The knave of every profeſſion wiſhes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honeſt man.——The female coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he ſhould not pity her.

The apparition of the fifth inſtant (for letters may almoſt be called ſo) proved more welcome as I did not expect it. Oh! my L——, thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me; and thou never wilt aſſuredly repent of one act of kindneſs—for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with intereſt.—Why does my L. complain of the deſertion of friends? —Where does the human being live that will not

join in this complaint?——It is a common obſervation, and perhaps too true, that married people ſeldom extend their regards beyond their own fire-ſide. ——There is ſuch a thing as parſimony in eſteem, as well as money——yet as the one coſts nothing, it might be beſtowed with more liberality.——We cannot gather grapes from thorns, ſo we muſt not expect kind attachments from perſons who are wholly folded up in ſelfiſh ſchemes. I do not know whether I moſt deſpiſe, or pity ſuch characters—— Nature never made an unkind creature—ill uſage, and bad habits, have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L.!—thou art ſurrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter: wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable.——Diſappointed ambition might envy ſuch a retreat, and diſappointed love would ſeek it out.——Crowded towns, and buſy ſocieties, may delight the unthinking and the gay—but ſolitude is the beſt nurſe of wiſdom.—Methinks I ſee my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of ſpring.——Doſt not thou mark with delight the firſt vernal buds? the ſnow-drop, and primroſe, theſe early and welcome viſitors, ſpring beneath thy feet.—Flora and Pomona already conſider thee as their handmaid; and in a little time will load thee with their ſweeteſt bleſſings. ——The feathered race are all thy own; and with them, untaught harmony will ſoon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks. Sweet as this may be, return—return—the birds of Yorkſhire will tune

their pipes, and ſing as melodiouſly as thoſe of Staffordſhire.

Adieu, my beloved L. thine too much for my *peace.*

L. STERNE.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE offended her whom I ſo tenderly love!—what could tempt me to it! but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, would thou not open the door and be melted with compaſſion:——I know thou wouldſt, for Pity has erected a temple in thy boſom.—Sweeteſt, and beſt of all human paſſions! let thy web of tenderneſs cover the penſive form of affliction, and ſoften the darkeſt ſhades of miſery:—I have reconſidered this apology; and, alas! what will it accompliſh? Arguments, however finely ſpun, can never change the nature of things—Very true,—ſo a truce with them.

I have loſt a very valuable friend by a ſad accident; and what is worſe, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this ſudden ſtroke.—If real uſefulneſs and integrity of heart could have ſecured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate——Theſe dark and ſeemingly cruel diſpenſations of Providence, often make the beſt of human hearts complain.——Who can paint the diſtreſs of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterneſs over a numerous, helpleſs, and fatherleſs offspring!

—God! theſe are thy chaſtiſements, and require (hard taſk)! a pious acquieſcence.

Forgive me this digreſſion, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and, what is more excellent, an honeſt man. My L.! thou wilt feel all that kindneſs can inſpire in the death of ———. The event was ſudden, and thy gentle ſpirit would be more alarmed on that account.——But, my L. thou haſt leſs to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being uſeful, was nearly over.—At ſixty years of age the tenement gets faſt out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a diſcharge.—In ſuch a ſituation the poet might well ſay,

"The ſoul, uneaſy," &c.

My L. talks of leaving the country—may a kind angel guide thy ſteps hither!—Solitude at length grows tireſome.——Thou ſayeſt thou wilt quit the place with regret——I think ſo too.——Does not ſomething uneaſy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whoſe temper and company one has long been acquainted with.——I think I ſee you looking twenty times a day at the houſe,——almoſt counting every brick and pane of glaſs, and telling them at the ſame time, with a ſigh, you are going to leave them. —Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain inſenſible of thy loſs.—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?——The recollection of ſo many pleaſing walks muſt have endeared it to you. The trees, the ſhrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands——will they not droop

and fade away ſooner upon thy departure?—Who will be the ſucceſſor to nurſe them in thy abſence? —Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle tree. —If trees, and ſhrubs, and flowers, could compoſe an elegy, I ſhould expect a very plaintive one upon this ſubject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine.

L. STERNE.

LETTER V.

TO MRS. F——.

DEAR MADAM, York, Tueſday, Nov. 19, 1759.

YOUR kind inquiries after my health, deſerve my beſt thanks.—What can give one more pleaſure than the good wiſhes of thoſe we value?—I am ſorry you give ſo bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water——it has been of infinite ſervice to me.——I ſuppoſe, my good lady, by what you ſay in your letter, "that I am "buſy writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York—the fountain head of all chit-chat news—and—no matter.—Now for your deſire of knowing the reaſon of my turning author! —Why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—'Tis a fooliſh ſacrifice I have made for ſome years to an ungrateful perſon.——I depend much upon the candour of the public, but I ſhall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongſt ********, and—till you read my Triſtram, do not, like ſome people, condemn it.——Laugh I am ſure you will at ſome paſ-

ſages.——I have hired a ſmall houſe in the Minſter Yard for my wife and daughter—the latter is to begin dancing, &c.—if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at leaſt give her an education.——As I ſhall publiſh my works very ſoon, I ſhall be in town by March, and ſhall have the pleaſure of meeting with you.——All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the ſame eſtimation that your ſincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady: believe me, with every wiſh for your happineſs, your moſt faithful, &c.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER VI.

TO DR. ******.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 30. 1760.

——*De mortuis nil niſi bonum*, is a maxim which you have ſo often of late urged in converſation, and in your letters (but in your laſt eſpecially), with ſuch ſerioufneſs, and ſeverity againſt me, as the ſuppoſed tranſgreſſor of the rule,—that you have made me at length as ſerious and ſevere as yourſelf:——but, that the humours you have ſtirred up might not work too potently within me, I have waited four days to cool myſelf, before I would ſet pen to paper to anſwer you, "*de mortuis nil niſi bonum.*" I declare I have conſidered the wiſdom and foundation of it over and over again, as diſpaſſionately and charitably as a good Chriſtian can; and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it, than a nonſenſical lullaby of ſome nurſe, put into Latin by

ſome pedant, to be chanted by ſome hypocrite to the end of the world, for the conſolation of departing lechers.—'Tis, I own, Latin; and I think that is all the weight it has——for, in plain Engliſh, 'tis a looſe and futile poſition below a diſpute——"*You "are not to ſpeak any thing of the dead, but what is "good.*" Why ſo?——Who ſays ſo?—neither reaſon nor ſcripture.—Inſpired authors have done otherwiſe——and reaſon and common ſenſe tell me, that if the characters of paſt ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themſelves; that is, with their excellencies, and with their foibles ——and it is as much a piece of juſtice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one as the other.—The ruling paſſion, *et les egaremens du cœur*, are the very things which mark and diſtinguiſh a man's character; in which I would as ſoon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horſe.—However, if, like the poor devil of a painter, we muſt conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis*, &c. which I own has a ſpice of piety in the *ſound* of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the ſame pot——I then infer that our Sydenhams, and Sangrados, our Lucretias, and Meſſalinas, our Sommers, and our Bolingbrokes—are alike entitled to ſtatues, and all the hiſtorians or ſatiriſts who have ſaid otherwiſe ſince they departed this life, from Salluſt to S——e, are guilty of the crimes you charge me with, "cowardice and injuſtice."

But why cowardice? "Becauſe 'tis not courage "to attack a dead man who can't defend himſelf."——But why do you doctors of the faculty attack

ſuch a one with your inciſion knife? Oh! for the good of the living.——'Tis my plea.——But I have ſomething more to ſay in my behalf—and it is this —I am not guilty of the charge, though defenſible. I have not cut up Doctor Kunaſtrokius at all—I have juſt ſcratch'd him—and that ſcarce ſkin deep.—I do him firſt all honour—ſpeak of Kunaſtrokius as a great man—(be he whom he will); and then moſt diſtantly hint at a droll foible in his character—and that not firſt reported (to the few who can even underſtand the hint) by me—but known before by every chambermaid and footman within the bills of mortality——But Kunaſtrokius, you ſay, was a great man—'tis that very circumſtance which makes the pleaſantry—for I could name at this inſtant a ſcore of honeſt gentlemen who might have done the very thing which Kunaſtrokius did, and ſee no joke in it at all—As to the failing of Kunaſtrokius, which you ſay can only be imputed to his friends as a misfortune—I ſee nothing like a misfortune in it to any friend or relation of Kunaſtrokius—that Kunaſtrokius upon occaſions ſhould ſit with ***, **** and ******* ——I have put theſe ſtars not *to hurt your worſhip's delicacy*—If Kunaſtrokius after all is too ſacred a character to be even ſmiled at (which is all I have done), he has had better luck than his betters: In the ſame page (without imputation of cowardice) I have ſaid as much of a man of twice his wiſdom—and that is Solomon, of whom I have made the ſame remark, "That they were both great men—and "like all mortal men had each their ruling paſſion."

——The conſolation you gave me, "That my

" book, however, will be read enough to anſwer " my deſign of raiſing a tax upon the public,"—is very unconſolatroy—to ſay nothing how very mortifying! By H———n! an author is worſe treated than a common ***** at this rate—" *You will get* " *a penny by your ſins, and that's enough.*"—Upon this chapter let me comment.——That I propoſed laying the world under contribution, when I ſet pen to paper—is what I own, and I ſuppoſe I may be allowed to have that view in my head, in common with every other writer, to make my labour of advantage to myſelf.

Do you not do the ſame? but I beg I may add, that whatever views I had of that kind, I had other views—the firſt of which was, the hopes of doing the world good by ridiculing what I thought deſerving of it—or of diſſervice to ſound learning, &c.—How I have ſucceeded, my book muſt ſhow—and this I leave entirely to the world——but not to that little world *of your acquaintance*, whoſe opinion and ſentiments you call the general opinion of the beſt judges *without exception*, who all affirm (you ſay) that my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of *character*. (I hope you except widows, doctor—for they are not *all* ſo ſqueamiſh, but I am told they are really of my party, in return for ſome good offices done their intereſts in the 178th page of my firſt volume.) But for the chaſte married and chaſte unmarried part of the ſex——they muſt not read my book! Heaven forbid the ſtock of chaſtity ſhould be leſſened by the Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy—yes, his Opinions—it would certainly debauch

'em! God take them under his protection in this fiery trial, and ſend us plenty of Duennas, to watch the workings of their humours, till they have ſafely got through the whole work.——If this will not be ſufficient, may we have plenty of Sangrados, to pour in plenty of cold water, till this terrible fermentation is over——As for the *nummum in loculo*, which you mention to me a ſecond time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt—I thank God, though I don't abound——that I have enough for a clean ſhirt every day—and a mutton-chop——and my contentment with this, has thus far (and I hope ever will) put me above ſtooping an inch for it, even for ——'s eſtate.—Curſe on it, I like it not to that degree, nor envy *(you may be ſure)* any man who kneels in the dirt for it—ſo that howſoever I may fall ſhort of the ends propoſed in commencing author—I enter this *proteſt*; firſt, that my end was *honeſt*; and ſecondly, that I wrote not to be *fed*, but to be *famous*. I am much obliged to Mr. Garrick, for his very favourable opinion——but why, dear Sir, had he done better in finding fault with it, than in commending it? to humble me! An author is not ſo ſoon humbled as you imagine——no, but to make the book better by caſtrations—that is ſtill *ſub judice*; and I can aſſure you upon this chapter, that the very paſſages and deſcriptions you propoſe that I ſhould ſacrifice in my ſecond edition, are what are beſt reliſhed by men of wit, and ſome others whom I eſteem as ſound critics—ſo that, upon the whole, I am ſtill kept up, if not above fear, at leaſt above deſpair, and have ſeen enough to ſhow me the folly of an attempt of caſtrat-

ing my book to the prudiſh humours of particulars. I believe the ſhort cut would be to publiſh this letter at the beginning of the third volume, as an apology for the firſt and ſecond. I was ſorry to find a cenſure upon the inſincerity of ſome of my friends—I have no reaſon myſelf to reproach any one man—my friends have continued in the ſame opinions of my books which they firſt gave me of them—many indeed have thought better of 'em, by conſidering them more; few worſe.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,
LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER VII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[About April 1760.]

DEAR SIR, Thurſday, 11 o'clock—night.

'TWAS for all the world like a cut acroſs my finger with a ſharp pen-knife. I ſaw the blood——gave it a ſuck wrapt it up—and thought to more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to:—a wound (unleſs it is a wound not worth talking of, but, by the by, mine is) muſt give you ſome pain after.—Nature will take her own way with it—it muſt ferment—it muſt digeſt.

The ſtory you told me of Triſtram's pretended tutor, this morning——My letter by right ſhould have ſet out with this ſentence, and then the ſimile would not have kept you a moment in ſuſpenſe.

This vile ſtory, I ſay——though I then ſaw both how and where it wounded——I felt little from it a

firſt——or, to ſpeak more honeſtly (though it ruins my ſimile) I felt a great deal of pain from it; but affected an heir uſual on ſuch accidents, of leſs feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodging ſince the play (you aſtoniſhed me in it), and have been unwrapping this ſelf-ſame wound of mine, and ſhaking my head over it this half hour.

What the devil!——is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many ſchools of miſapplied ſcience in the Chriſtian world, to make a *tutor* of for my Triſtram?—*Ex quovis ligno non fit*—Are we ſo run out of ſtock, that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed, pudding-headed *chap* amonſt our doctors?—Is there no one ſingle wight of much reading and no learning, amongſt the many children in my *mother's* nurſery, who bids high for this charge——but I muſt diſable my judgment by chooſing a Warburton?—Vengeance! have I ſo little concern for the honour of my hero?—Am I a wretch ſo void of ſenſe, ſo bereft of feeling for the figure he is to make in ſtory, that I ſhould chooſe a preceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him? Oh! dear Mr. Garrick.

Malice is ingenious—unleſs where the exceſs of it outwits itſelf—I have two comforts in this ſtroke of it;—the firſt is, that this one is partly of this kind; and ſecondly, that it is one of the number of thoſe which ſo unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave. The report might draw blood, of the author of Triſtram Shandy—but could not harm ſuch a man as the author of the Divine Legation——God bleſs him! though (by the by, and according to the natural

courſe of deſcents) the bleſſing ſhould come from him to me.

Pray, have you no intereſt, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his Lordſhip?

Why do ye aſk?

My dear Sir, I have no claim to ſuch an honour, but what ariſes from the honour and reſpect which, in the progreſs of my work, will be ſhown the world I owe to ſo great a man.

Whilſt I am talking of owing—I wiſh, my dear Sir, that any body would tell you how much I am indebted to you. I am determined never to do it myſelf, or ſay more upon the ſubject than this, that I am yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

TO S——C——, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, May, 1760.

I RETURN you ten thouſand thanks for the favour of your letter—and the account you give me of my wife and girl.—I ſaw Mr. C——y to-night at Ranelagh, who tells me you have innoculated my friend Bobby. I heartily wiſh him well through, and hope in God all goes right.

On Monday we ſet out with a * grand retinue of Lord Rockingham's (in whoſe ſuite I move) for Windſor——they have contracted for fourteen hundred pounds for the dinner, to ſome general undertaker, of which the K. has bargained to pay one third.

* Prince Ferdinand, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Earl Temple, were inſtalled Knights of the Garter, on Tueſday May 6. 1760, at Windſor.

Lord George Sackville was laſt Saturday at the opera, ſome ſay with great effrontery—others, with great dejection.

I have little news to add.——There is a ſhilling pamphlet * wrote againſt Triſtram.——I wiſh they would write a hundred ſuch.

Mrs. Sterne ſays her purſe is light; will you, dear Sir, be ſo good as to pay her ten guineas, and I will reckon with you when I have the pleaſure of meeting you.——My beſt compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends.——Believe me, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful.

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, May, 1760.

I THIS moment received the favour of your kind letter.—The letter in the Ladies Magazine †, about me, was wrote by the noted Dr. Hill, who wrote the Inſpector, and undertakes that magazine.—The people of York are very uncharitable to ſuppoſe any man ſo groſs a beaſt as to pen ſuch a character of himſelf.—In this great town no ſoul ever ſuſpected it for a thouſand reaſons—Could they ſuppoſe I ſhould be ſuch a fool as to fall foul upon Dr. Warburton, my beſt friend, by repreſenting him ſo weak a man—or by telling ſuch a lie of him—as his giving me a purſe

* "The Clockmaker's Outcry againſt the Author of Triſtram "Shandy." 8vo.

† The Royal Female Magazine, for April 1760.

to buy off his tutorſhip for Triſtram!——or I ſhould be fool enough to own I had taken his purſe for that purpoſe.

You muſt know there is a quarrel between Dr. Hill and Dr. M——y, who was the phyſician meant at Mr Charles Stanhope's, and Dr. Hill has changed the place on purpoſe to give M——y a lick.—Now that converſation (though perhaps true), yet happened at another place*, and with another phyſician;

* As the truth of this anecdote is not denied, it may gratify curioſity to communicate it in Dr. Hill's own words: "At the laſt "dinner that the late loſt amiable Charles Stanhope gave to ge-"nius, Yorick was preſent. The good old man was vexed to ſee "a pedantic medicine monger take the lead, and prevent that "pleaſantry which good wit and good wine might have occaſion-"ed, by a diſcourſe in the unintelligible language of his profeſſion, "concerning the difference between the phrenitis and the para-"phrenitis, and the concomitant categories of the mediaſtinum and "pleura."

"Good-humoured Yorick ſaw the ſenſe of the maſter of the "feaſt, and fell into the cant and jargon of phyſic, as if he had been "one of Radcliffe's travellers. The vulgar practice," ſays he, "favours too much of mechanical principles; the venerable an-"cients were all empirics; and the profeſſion will never regain its "ancient credit, till practice falls into the old track again. I am "myſelf an inſtance; I caught cold by leaning on a damp cuſhion, "and, after ſneezing and ſnivelling a fortnight, it fell upon my "breaſt: they blooded me, bliſtered me, and gave me robs, and "bobs, and lohocks, and eclegmata: but I grew worſe; for I was "treated according to the exact rules of the College. In ſhort, "from an inflammation it came to an ADHESION, and all was "over with me. They adviſed me to Briſtol, that I might not "do them the ſcandal of dying under their hands; and the Briſtol "people, for the ſame reaſon, conſigned me over to Liſbon. But "what do I? Why, I conſidered an adheſion is, in plain Engliſh, "only a ſticking of two things together, and that force enough "would pull them aſunder. I bought a good aſh pole, and began

which I have contradicted in this city, for the honour of my friend M——y, all which ſhows the abſurdity of York credulity and nonſenſe. Beſides, the account is full of falſehoods——firſt, with regard to the place of my birth, which was at Clonmel, in Ireland—the ſtory of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W——*, not true, or of a *penſion promiſed*; the merit of which I diſclaimed—and indeed there are ſo many other things ſo untrue, and unlikely, to come from me, that the worſt enemy I have here never had a ſuſpicion—and, to end all, Dr. Hill owns the paper.

I ſhall be down before May is out—I preach before the Judges on Sunday—My Sermons come out on Thurſday after—and I purpoſe, the Monday, at fartheſt, after that, to ſet out for York—I have bought a pair of horſes for that purpoſe—My beſt reſpects to your Lady—

I am, Dear Sir,
Your moſt obliged and faithful

L. STERNE.

" leaping over all the walls and ditches in the country. From the " height of the pole, I uſed to come ſouſe down upon my feet, like " an aſs when he tramples upon a bull-dog; but it did not do. " At laſt—when I had raiſed myſelf perpendicularly over a wall, " I uſed to fall exactly acroſs the ridge of it, upon the ſide oppo- " ſite to the adheſion, This tore it off at once; and I am as you " ſee. Come fill a glaſs to the memory of the empiric medicine." " If he had been aſked elſewhere about this diſorder (for he really " had a conſumptive diſorder), he would have anſwered, that he " was cured by Huxam's decoction of the bark, and the elixer of " vitriol."

* The Widow of Mr. Sterne's predeceſſor in the living of Coxwould.

P. S. I beg pardon for this haſty ſcrawl, having juſt come from a concert where the D. of York performed.——I have received great notice from him, and laſt week had the honour of ſupping with him.

LETTER X.

TO DR. WARBURTON, BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

MY LORD, York, June 9. 1760.

NOT knowing where to ſend two ſets of my Sermons, I could think of no better expedient, than to order them into Mr. Berringer's hands, who has promiſed me that he will wait upon your Lordſhip with them, the firſt moment he hears you are in town. The trueſt and humbleſt thanks I return to your Lordſhip, for the generoſity of your protection, and advice to me: by making a good uſe of the one, I will hope to deſerve the other. I wiſh your Lordſhip all the health and happineſs in this world; for I am,

Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obliged and
Moſt grateful Servant,
L. STERNE.

P. S. I am juſt ſitting down to go on with Triſtram, &c.—The ſcribblers uſe me ill; but they have uſed my betters much worſe—for which may God forgive them.

LETTER XI.

TO THE REV. MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR, Prior Park, June 15. 1760.

I HAVE your favour of the 9th inſtant, and am glad to underſtand you are got ſafe home, and employed again in your proper ſtudies and amuſements. You have it in your power to make that, which is an amuſement to yourſelf and others, uſeful to both: at leaſt, you ſhould, above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners; but I have already taken ſuch repeated liberties of adviſing you on that head, that to ſay more would be needleſs, or perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is, in any way, well received by the public, is ſure to be annoyed by that peſt of the public, *profligate ſcribblers*. This is the common lot of ſucceſsful adventurers;—but ſuch have often a worſe evil to ſtruggle with, I mean the over-officiouſneſs of their indiſcreet friends. There are two Odes*, as they are called, printed by Dodſley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monſter of impiety and lewdneſs———yet, ſuch is the malignity of the ſcribblers, ſome have given them to your friend Hall;———and others, which is ſtill more impoſſible, to yourſelf; though the firſt Ode has the

* Entitled, "Two Lyric Epiſtles: One to my Couſin Shandy "on his coming to town; and the other to the Grown Gentle- "woman, the Miſſes of ****," 4to.

inſolence to place you both in a mean and a ridiculous light. But this might ariſe from a tale equally groundleſs and malignant, that you had ſhown them to your acquaintances in MS. before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodſley the likelieſt means of diſcrediting the calumny.

About this time, another, under the maſk of friendſhip, pretended to draw your character, which was ſince publiſhed in a *Female Magazine* (for duneſs, who often has as great a hand as the devil in deforming God's works of the creation, has *made them*, it ſeems, *male* and *female*), and from thence it was transferred into a *Chronicle**. Pray have you read it, or do you know its author?

But of all theſe things, I dare ſay Mr. Garrick, whoſe prudence is equal to his honeſty or his talents, has remonſtrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconſtancy of what is called the Public, towards all, even the beſt intentioned, of thoſe who contribute to its pleaſure or amuſement. He (as every man of honour and diſcretion would) has availed himſelf of the public favour, to regulate the taſte, and, in his proper ſtation, to reform the manners of the faſhionable world;—while, by a well-judged economy, he has provided againſt the temptations of a mean and ſervile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be aſſured, there is no one more ſincerely wiſhes your welfare and happineſs, than,

Reverend Sir,

W. G.

* The London Chronicle, May 6. 1760.

LETTER XII.

TO MY WITTY WIDOW, MRS. F.——.

MADAM, Coxwould, Aug. 5. 1760.

WHEN a man's brains are as dry as a ſqueez'd Orange—and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a Mallet, 'tis in vain to think of ſitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unleſs in the honeſt John-Trot-Style of *yours of the 15th inſtant came ſafe to hand, &c.* which, by the by, looks like a letter of buſineſs; and you know very well, from the firſt letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no buſineſs at all. This vile plight I found my genius in, was the reaſon I have told Mr. ——, I would not write to you till the next poſt—hoping by that time to get ſome ſmall recruit at leaſt of vivacity, if not wit, to ſet out with;—but upon ſecond thoughts, thinking a bad letter in ſeaſon—to be better than a good one out of it——this ſcrawl is the conſequence, which, if you will burn the moment you get it—I promiſe to ſend you a fine ſet eſſay in the ſtyle of your female epiſtolizers, cut and trimm'd at all points.——GOD defend me from ſuch, who never yet knew what it was to ſay or write one premeditated word in my whole life—for this reaſon I ſend you this with pleaſure, becauſe wrote with the careleſs irregularity of an eaſy heart.——Who told you Garrick wrote the medley for Beard?—'Twas wrote in his houſe, however, and before I left town.—I deny it—I was not loſt two days before I left town.——I was loſt all the

time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy caſtle of mine.——Next winter I intend to ſojourn amongſt you with more decorum, and will neither be loſt or found any where.

Now I wiſh to GOD I was at your elbow—I have juſt finiſhed one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to ſome one who I know can taſte and reliſh humour—this by the way, is a little impudent in me—for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightineſſes the world have yet to determine—but I mean no ſuch thing——I could wiſh only to have your opinion—ſhall I, in truth, give you mine? —I dare not—but I will; provided you keep it to yourſelf——know then, that I think there is more laughable humour,—with an equal degree of Cervantic ſatire—if not more than in the laſt—but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thouſand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation—and I will take care you ſhall never wiſh me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great eſteem and truth,
Your moſt obliged,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have wrote this ſo vilely and ſo precipitately, I fear you muſt carry it to a decypherer—— I beg you'll do me the honour to write—otherwiſe you draw *me* in, inſtead of Mr. ——— drawing *you* into a ſcrape——for I ſhould ſorrow to have a *taſte* of ſo agreeable a correſpondent——and *no more*. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

TO S—— C——, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Chriſtmas Day, 1760.

I HAVE been in ſuch a continual hurry ſince the moment I arrived here—what with my books, and what with viſitors and viſitings, that it was not in my power ſooner to ſit down and acknowledge the favour of your obliging letter; and to thank you for the moſt friendly motives which led you to write it. I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stillington ſo much on the chapter of *Noſes*—becauſe, as the principal ſatire throughout that part is levelled at thoſe learned blockheads who, in all ages, have waſted their time and much learning upon points as fooliſh——it ſhifts off the idea of what you fear, to another point—and 'tis thought here very good——'twill paſs muſter——I mean not with all—no! I ſhall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will—and beſides, muſt expect to have a party againſt me of many hundreds—who either do not——or will not laugh.—'Tis enough if I divide the world; at leaſt I will reſt contented with it.—I wiſh you was here to ſee what changes of looks and political reaſoning have taken place in every company and coffeehouſe ſince laſt year; we ſhall be ſoon Pruſſians and Anti-Pruſſians, B——s and Anti-B——s, and thoſe diſtinctions will juſt do as well as Whig and Tory ——and for ought I know ſerve the ſame ends.—The King ſeems reſolved to bring all things back to

their original principles, and to ſtop the torrent of corruption and lazineſs.——He riſes every morning at ſix to do buſineſs—rides out at eight to a minute ——returns at nine to give himſelf up to his people. ——By perſiſting, 'tis thought he will oblige his miniſters and dependants to diſpatch affairs with him many hours ſooner than of late——and 'tis much to be queſtioned whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him ſooner, by being freed from long levees of their own, and applications; which will in all liklihood be transferred from them directly to himſelf—the preſent ſyſtem being to remove that phalanx of great people, which ſtood betwixt the throne and the ſubjects, and ſuffer them to have immediate acceſs, without the intervention of a cabal ——(this is the language of others): however, the King gives every thing himſelf, knows every thing, and weighs every thing maturely, and then is inflexible—this puts old ſtagers off their game—how it will end we are all in the dark.

'Tis feared the war is quite over in Germany; never was known ſuch havock amongſt troops—I was told yeſterday by a colonel from Germany, that out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belonged, but ſeventy-one are left!——Prince Ferdinand has ſent word, 'tis ſaid, that he muſt have forty thouſand men directly to take the field—and with proviſions for them too, for he can but ſubſiſt them for a fortnight.—I hope this will find you all got to York——I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c. &c.

Though I propoſed going firſt to Goldon-Square,

yet fate has thus long diſpoſed of me——ſo I have never been able to ſet a foot towards that quarter.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME

MY DEAR SIR, [About Jan. 1761.]

I HAVE juſt time to acknowledge the favour of yours, but not to get the two prints you mention—which ſhall be ſent you by next poſt—I have bought them, and lent them to Miſs Gilbert, but will aſſuredly ſend for them and encloſe them to you:—I will take care to get your pictures well copied, and at a moderate price. And if I can be of further uſe, I beſeech you to employ me; and from time to time will ſend you an account of whatever may be worth tranſmitting.—The ſtream now ſets in ſtrong againſt the German war. Loud complaints of —— —— —— making a trade of the war, &c. &c.—— much expected from L. Granby's evidence to theſe matters, who is expected every hour:—the King wins every day upon the people, ſhows himſelf much at the play (but at no opera), rides out with his brothers every morning, half an hour after ſeven, till nine—returns with them, ſpends an hour with them at breakfaſt, and chat——and then ſits down to buſineſs. I never dined at home once ſince I arrived—am fourteen dinners deep engaged juſt now, and fear matters will be worſe with me in that point

than better.—As to the main points in view, at which you hint—all I can ſay is, that I ſee my way, and unleſs Old Nick throws the dice——ſhall, in due time, come off winner—Triſtram will be out the twentieth——there is a great rout made about him before he enters the ſtage——whether this will be of uſe or no, I can't ſay——ſome wits of the firſt magnitude here, both as to wit and ſtation, engage me ſucceſs—Time will ſhow——

Adieu.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, [March 1761.]

SINCE I had the favour of your obliging letter, nothing has happened, or been ſaid one day, which has not been contradicted the next; ſo having little certain to write, I have forbore writing at all, in hopes every day of ſomething worth filling up a letter. We had the greateſt expectations yeſterday that ever were raiſed, of a pitched battle in the Houſe of Commons, wherein Mr. Pitt was to have entered and thrown down the gauntlet, in defence of the German war.—There never was ſo full a houſe—the gallery full to the top—I was there all the day——when lo! a political fit of the gout ſeized the great combatant—he entered not the liſts——Beckford got up, and begged the Houſe, as he ſaw not his right honourable friend there, to put off the debate—It could not be done: ſo Beckford roſe up, and made a moſt long, paſſionate, incoherent ſpeech,

in defence of the Germanic war—but very ſevere upon the unfrugal manner it was carried on——in which he addreſſed himſelf principally to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and laid him on terribly.—It ſeems the Chancery of Hanover had laid out 350,000 pounds, on account, and brought in our treaſury debtor——and the grand debate was, for an honeſt examination of the particulars of this extravagant account, and for vouchers to authenticate it.——Legge anſwered Beckford very rationally, and coolly——Lord N. ſpoke long——Sir F. Daſhwood maintained the German war was moſt pernicious—Mr. C——— of Surry ſpoke well againſt the account, with ſome others——L. Barrington at laſt got up, and ſpoke half an hour with great plainneſs, and temper—explained a great many hidden ſprings relating to theſe accounts, in favour of the late King, and told two or three converſations which had paſſed between the King and himſelf, relative to theſe expences—which caſt great honour upon the King's character. This was with regard to the money the King had ſecretly furniſhed out of his pocket to leſſen the account of the Hanover-ſcore brought us to diſcharge.

Beckford and Barrington abuſed all who ſought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and Beckford added, that the reaſons of wiſhing a peace now, were the ſame as the peace of Utrecht—that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war, and their places too, ſo were for making another ſacrifice of the nation to their own intereſts.——After all——the cry for a peace is ſo ge-

neral, that it will certainly end in one——Now for myſelf——

One half of the town abuſe my book as bitterly, as the other half cry it up to the ſkies—the beſt is, they abuſe and buy it, and at ſuch a rate, that we are going on with a ſecond edition, as faſt as poſſible.

I am going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer, to Wimbleton; on Wedneſday there is to be a grand aſſembly at Lady N——. I have inquired every where about Stephen's affair, and can hear nothing—My friend, Mr. Charles Townſhend, will be now Secretary of War*—he bid me wiſh him joy of it, though not in poſſeſſion.—I will aſk him—and depend, my moſt worthy friend, that you ſhall not be ignorant of what I learn from him—Believe me ever, ever, yours,

L. S.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SIR, [April, 1761.]

A STRAIN which I got in my wriſt by a terrible fall, prevented my acknowledging the favour of your obliging letter. I went yeſterday morning to breakfaſt with Mr. V——, who is a kind of right-hand man to the Secretary, on purpoſe to inquire about the propriety, or feaſibility, of doing what you wiſh me——and he has told me an anecdote

* He was appointed Secretary at War the 24th March 1761.

which had you been here, would, I think, have made it wiſer to have deferred ſpeaking about the affair a month hence than now: it is this——You muſt know that the numbers of officers who have left their regiments in Germany, for the pleaſures of the town, have been long a topic for merriment; as you ſee them in St. James's Coffeehouſe, and the Park, every hour, inquiring, open mouth, how things go on in Germany, and what news;—when they ſhould have been there to have furniſhed news themſelves—But the worſt part has been, that many of them have left their brother officers on their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, and have come with no end but to make friends, to be put unfairly over the *heads of thoſe* who were left riſking *their lives*.—— In this attempt there have been ſome but too ſucceſsful, which has juſtly raiſed ill-blood and complaints from the officers who ſtaid behind—The upſhot has been, that they have every ſoul been ordered off, and woe be to him ('tis ſaid) who ſhall be found liſtening! Now juſt to mention our friends caſe whilſt this cry is on foot, I think would be doing more hurt than good; but if you think otherwiſe, I will go with all my heart, and mention it to Mr. Townſhend; for to do more I am too inconſiderable a perſon to pretend to.——You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the Court—but they do not conſider what a conſiderable perſon they make of me, when they ſuppoſe either my going, or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the King's head—and for thoſe about him, I have the honour

either to ſtand ſo perſonally well known to them, or to be ſo well repreſented by thoſe of the firſt rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank GOD (B——'s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have forfeited, or done ought to forfeit——but, on the contrary, my true character is better underſtood; and where I had one friend laſt year, who did me honour, I have three now.—If my enemies knew, that by this rage of abuſe and ill-will, they were effectually ſerving the intereſts both of myſelf and works, they would be more quiet——but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found, that the way to fame, is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation—and till I ſhall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I muſt continue humble;——for I have not filled up the meaſure of half their *perſecutions*.

The Court is turning topſy-turvy. Lord Bute, le Premier *——Lord Talbot, to be Groom of the Chambers † in room of the D— of R——d—Lord Halifax to Ireland ‡——Sir F. Daſhwood in Talbot's place—Pitt ſeems unmoved—a peace inevitable—Stocks riſe—the peers this moment kiſſing hands, &c. &c. (this week may be chriſtened the kiſs-hands week) for a hundred changes will happen in conſe-

* Lord Bute was appointed Secretary of State on the 25th of March 1761.

† Lord Talbot was appointed Steward of the Houſhold on the ſame day.

‡ Lord Halifax was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the 25th of March 1761.

quence of theſe. Pray preſent my compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends, and believe me, with the greateſt fidelity,

Your very obliged,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Is it not ſtrange that Lord Talbot ſhould have power to remove the Duke of R———d?

Pray when you have read this, ſend the news to Mrs. Sterne.

LETTER XVII.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

DEAR H——, Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

I SYMPATHISED for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations—and would willingly have taken my horſe, and trotted to the oracle to have inquired into the etymology of all your ſufferings, had I not been aſſured, that all that evacuation of billious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exerciſe) will have left you better than it found you——Need one go to D——, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more fooliſhly than your apothecary), opening, ſaponacious, dirty-ſhirt, ſud-waſhing liquors are proper for you, and conſequently all ſtyptical potations, death and deſtruction?——if you had not ſhut up your gall ducts by theſe, the glauber ſalts could not have hurt——as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raiſing a freſh combuſtion, as all

phyſic does at firſt, ſo that you have been let off—nitre, brimſtone, and charcoal (which is blackneſs itſelf) all at one blaſt——'twas well the piece did not burſt, for I think it underwent great violence, and as it is proof, will, I hope, do much ſervice in this militating world—Panty * is miſtaken; I quarrel with no one.—There was that coxcomb of —— in the houſe, who loſt temper with me, for no reaſon upon earth but that I could not fall down and worſhip a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he ſet up, to the perſecution of all true believers——I ſat down upon *his altar*, and whiſtled in the time of his divine ſervice——and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incenſe pot to the D——, ſo he retreated, *ſed non ſine felle in corde ſuo.*—I have wrote a clerum; whether I ſhall take my doctor's degrees or no—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Triſtram—I have bought ſeven hundred books at a purchaſe, dog cheap—and many good—and I have been a week getting them ſet up in my beſt room here—why do not you tranſport yours to town? but I talk like a fool.—This will juſt catch you at your Spaw—I wiſh you *incolumem apud Londinum*—do you go there for good, and all—or ill?—I am, dear couſin,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

* The Reverend Mr. R—— I——.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR H——, Coxwould [about Auguſt], 1761.

I REJOICE you are in London—reſt you there in peace; here 'tis the devil.—You was a good prophet.—I wiſh myſelf back again, as you told me I ſhould—but not becauſe a thin, death-doing, peſtiferous, north-eaſt wind blows in a line directly from Crazy-caſtle turret full upon me in this cuckoldly retreat (for I value the north-eaſt wind and all its powers not a ſtraw)——but the tranſition from rapid motion to abſolute reſt was too violent.——I ſhould have walked about the ſtreets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have paſſed through, before I entered upon my reſt. I ſtaid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to ſatisfy me I have not managed my miſeries like a wiſe man—and if God, for my conſolation under them, had not poured forth the ſpirit of Shandeiſm into me, which will not ſuffer me to think two moments upon any grave ſubject, I would, elſe, juſt now lie down and die——die——and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I ſhall be as merry as a monkey—and as miſchievous too, and forget it all—ſo that this is but a copy of the preſent train running croſs my brain.—And ſo you think this curſed ſtupid—but that, my dear H. depends much upon the quotâ horâ of your ſhabby clock: if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon——I give it up—or if the day is obſcured

by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am ſtill loſt—but who knows but it may be five—and the day as fine a day as ever ſhone upon the earth ſince the deſtruction of Sodom——and peradventure your honour may have got a good hearty dinner to-day, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placiduliſh and a blanduliſh amalgama——to bear nonſenſe: ſo much for that.

'Tis as cold and churliſh juſt now, as (if GOD had not pleaſed it to be ſo) it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are where you are, and where (I repeat it again) I wiſh I was alſo——Curſe of poverty, and abſence from thoſe we love!—they are two great evils which embitter all things——and yet with the firſt I am not haunted much.——As to matrimony, I ſhould be a beaſt to rail at it, for my wife is eaſy——but the world is not—and had I ſtaid from her a ſecond longer, it would have been a burning ſhame—elſe ſhe declares herſelf happier without me—but not in anger is this declaration made——but in pure ſober good ſenſe, built on ſound experience—ſhe hopes you will be able to ſtrike a bargain for me before this time twelvemonth, to lead a bear round Europe: and from this hope from you, I verily believe it is, that you are ſo high in her favour at preſent——ſhe ſwears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous; a funny, jolly ſoul, though ſomewhat ſplenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honeſt as *gold*——how do you like the ſimile?—Oh, Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am ſitting, ſorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him and ſaid,

"What doſt thou here, Elijah?"——'Tis well the ſpirit does not make the ſame at Coxwould——for unleſs for the few ſheep left me to take care of, in this wilderneſs, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca—When we find we can, by a ſhifting of places, run away from ourſelves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a viſit to the *vale of Jehoſaphat?*——As ill a fame as we have, I truſt I ſhall one day or other ſee you face to face—ſo tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteouſly and ſoberly, as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them——Preſent my beſt and warmeſt wiſhes to them, and adviſe the eldeſt to prop up his ſpirits, and get a rich dowager before the concluſion of the peace——why will not the advice ſuit both, *par nobile fratrum.*

To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume * of Shandy—I care not a curſe for the critics—I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* ſends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone——I am very valorous—and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and ſee it in its true dimenſions, that we deſpiſe it—no bad rant! —God above bleſs you! You know I am

Your affectionate couſin,

LAURENCE STERNE.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet——and write me a letter, if you are able, as fooliſh as this.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

LETTER XIX.

TO LADY ———.

Coxwould, Sept. 21. 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you moſt cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my Lord Fauconberg's having preſented me with the curacy of this place——though your congratulation comes ſomewhat of the lateſt, as I have been poſſeſſed of it ſome time.—I hope I have been of ſome ſervice to his Lordſhip, and he has ſufficiently requited me.—'Tis ſeventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred—but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.——'Tis within a mile of his Lordſhip's ſeat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaiſe I purchaſed for my wife.—Lyd has a poney which ſhe delights in.—Whilſt they take theſe diverſions, I am ſcribbling away at my Triſtram. Theſe two volumes are, I think, the beſt.—I ſhall write as long as I live—'tis, in fact, my hobby-horſe: and ſo much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthuſiaſt.——My Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits, and liſtens as I read her chapters.——The coronation of his Majeſty (whom God preſerve!) has coſt me the value of an ox, which is to be roaſted whole in the middle of the town, and my pariſhioners will, I ſuppoſe, be very merry upon the occaſion.—You will then be in town——and feaſt your eyes with a ſight,

which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to ſee again—for in point of age we have about twenty years the ſtart of his Majeſty.——And now, my dear friend, I muſt finiſh this—and with every wiſh for your happineſs conclude myſelf your moſt ſincere well-wiſher and friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XX.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Paris, Jan. 31. 1762.

THINK not, becauſe I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, ſay you—but I muſt not waſte paper in *badinage* this poſt, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health for the time, as ever your friendſhip could wiſh, or at leaſt your faith give credit to—By the by I am ſomewhat worſe in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I ſee, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Triſtram was almoſt as much known here as in London, at leaſt among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into ſo many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have juſt now a fortnight's dinners and ſuppers upon my hands—My application to the Count de Choiſeul goes on ſwimmingly, for not only Mr Pelletiere (who, by the by, ſends ten thouſand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de

Limbourgh—the Baron d'Holbach has offered any ſecurity for the inoffenſiveneſs of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue! than you will do—This Baron is one of the moſt learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the Sçavans who are no wits—keeps open houſe three days a week——his houſe is now, as yours was to me, my own,——he lives at great expence—'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Biſſie, which I was at his deſire—I found him reading Triſtram——this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the palais royal, to view the Duke of Orleans' collections, every day I have time—I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from the delights of this place, which, in the *ſçavoir vivre*, exceeds all the places, I believe, in this ſection of the globe—

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr Maccartney to Verſailles——the next morning I wait upon Monſ. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation——I have bought another in verſe, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a ſervant of Mr Hodges, whom he is ſending back to England.

I was laſt night with Mr. Fox to ſee Mademoiſelle Clairon, in *Iphigine*—ſhe is extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury, to ſee you with one of ſuch powers in the ſame in-

tereſting ſcene!—But 'tis too much—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himſelf——By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have beſpoke, this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to ſend us home to ſupper, *all happy*—I mean about fifteen or ſixteen Engliſh of diſtinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr Pitt, who has behaved in every reſpect to me like a man of good breeding, and good nature—In a poſt or two, I will write again—Foley is an honeſt ſoul—I could write ſix volumes of what has paſſed comically in this great ſcene, ſince theſe laſt fourteen days——but more of this hereafter.——We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remiſe*—Bleſs you both! Service to Mrs. Dennis. Adieu, adieu!

L. S.

LETTER XXI.

TO LADY D———.

London *, Feb. 1. 1762.

YOUR Ladyſhip's kind inquiries after my health are indeed kind, and of a piece with the reſt of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a veſſel in my lungs—hard writing in the ſummer, together with preaching, which I have not ſtrength for, is ever fatal to me——but I cannot avoid the latter

* This Letter, though dated from London, was evidently written at Paris.

yet, and the former is too pleaſurable to be given up —I believe I ſhall try if the ſouth of France will not be of ſervice to me——his G. of Y. has moſt humanely given me the permiſſion for a year or two— I ſhall ſet of with great hopes of its efficacy, and ſhall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, elſe my ſtay could not be ſo long— " Le Fevre's ſtory has beguiled your Ladyſhip of " your tears," and the thought of the accuſing ſpirit flying up to heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to ſay is ſublime—my friend, Mr. Garrick, thinks ſo too, and I am moſt vain of his approbation—your Ladyſhip's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wiſh I had time to take a little excurſion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you ſay in your letter—but 'tis impoſſible—accept at leaſt my warmeſt thanks—If I could tempt my friend Mr. H. to come to France, I ſhould be truly happy —If I can be of any ſervice to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be,

Your Ladyſhip's faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DEAR GARRICK. Paris, March 19. 1762.

THIS will be put into your hands by Dr. Shippen, a phyſician, who has been here ſome time with Miſs Poyntz, and is this moment ſetting off for your metropolis; ſo I ſnatch the opportunity of writing to

you and my kind friend Mrs. Garrick.—I ſee nothing like her here, and yet I have been introduced to one half of their beſt Goddeſſes, and in a month more ſhall be admitted to the ſhrines of the other half—but I neither worſhip—or fall (much) upon my knees before them; but, on the contrary, have converted many unto Shandeiſm.——For be it known, I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonſenſe than ever you heard me talk in your days—and to all ſorts of people. *Qui le diable eſt cet homme là*——ſaid Choiſeul t'other day——*ce Chevalier Shandy*——You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the reſt of the dialogue——whether the bearer knows it or no, I know not—'Twill ſerve up after ſupper, in Southampton-ſtreet, among other ſmall diſhes, after the fatigues of Richard III.——O God! they have nothing here which gives the nerves ſo ſmart a blow, as thoſe great characters in the hands of Garrick! but I forgot I am writing to the man himſelf—The devil take (as he will) theſe tranſports of enthuſiaſm! A propos!——the whole city of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comic opera; and if it was not for the affair of the Jeſuits, which takes up one half of our talk, the comic opera would have it all——It is a tragical nuiſance in all companies as it is, and was it not for ſome ſudden ſtarts and daſhes—of Shandeiſm, which now and then either break the thread, or entangle it ſo, that the devil himſelf would be puzzled in winding it off—I ſhould die a martyr——This by the way I never will———

I ſend you over ſome of theſe comic operas by the

bearer, with the *Sallon*, a ſatire—The French comedy, I ſeldom viſit it—They act ſcarce any thing but tragedies—and the Clairon is great, and Mademoiſelle Dumeſnil, in ſome places, ſtill greater than her—yet I cannot bear preaching—I fancy I got a ſurfeit of it in my younger days—There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night——Peace be with it, and the gentle brain which made it! I have ten thouſand things to tell you I cannot write—I do a thouſand things which cut no figure *but in the doing*—and as in London, I have the honour of having done and ſaid a thouſand things I never did or dreamed of—and yet I dream abundantly——If the devil ſtood behind me in the ſhape of a courier I could not write faſter than I do, having five letters more to deſpatch by the ſame gentleman; he is going into another ſection of the globe, and when he has ſeen you, he will depart in peace.

The Duke of Orleans has ſuffered my portrait to be added to the number of ſome odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it moſt expreſſively at full length. I purpoſe to obtain an etching of it, and to ſend it you—Your prayer for me of *roſy health*, is heard—If I ſtay here for three or four months, I ſhall return more than reinſtated. My love to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, my dear Garrick,
Your moſt humble Servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Paris, April 10. 1762.

I SNATCH the occaſion of Mr. Wilcox (the late Biſhop of Rocheſter's ſon) leaving this place for England, to write to you, and I encloſe it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, poſſibly behind the ſcenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*, I would have ſaid *kingdom*——but here every thing is hyperbolized —and if a woman is but ſimply pleaſed—'tis *Je ſuis charmé*—and if ſhe is charmed, 'tis nothing leſs than that ſhe is *ravi*-ſh'd—and when ravi-ſh'd (which may happen) there is nothing left to her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and ſwear qu'elle etoit tout *extaſiée*—which mode of ſpeaking is, by the by, here creeping into uſe, and there is ſcarce a woman who underſtands the *bon ton*, but is ſeven times in a day in downright ecſtaſy—that is, the devil's in her —by a ſmall miſtake of one word for the other—— Now, where am I got?

I have been theſe two days reading a tragedy, given me by a lady of talents to read, and conjecture if it would do for you—'Tis from the plan of Diderot, and poſſibly half a tranſlation of it—The Natural Son, or the Triumph of Virtue, in five acts—It has too much ſentiment in it (at leaſt for me), the ſpeeches too long, and ſavour too much of *preaching* —this may be a ſecond reaſon it is not to my taſte— 'Tis all love, love, love, throughout, without much ſeparation in the character; ſo I fear it would not

do for your ſtage, and perhaps for the very reaſons which recommend it to a French one.——After a vile ſuſpenſion of three weeks, we are beginning with our comedies and operas again—yours I hear never flouriſhed more—here the comic actors were never ſo low—the tragedians hold up their heads—in all ſenſes: I have known *one little man* ſupport the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his ſhoulders, but Preville can't do half as much here, though Mademoiſelle Clairon ſtands by him; and ſets her back to his—She is very great, however, and highly improved ſince you ſaw her—ſhe alſo ſupports her dignity at table, and has her public day every Thurſday, when ſhe *gives to eat* (as they ſay here) to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected, as ſoon as the peace will let you—theſe two laſt days you have happened to engroſs the whole converſation at two great houſes where I was at dinner—'Tis the greateſt problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the ſame man ſhould poſſeſs ſuch tragic and comic powers, and in ſuch an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two Nature intended him.

Crebillion has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *perſiflage*——As ſoon as I get to Toulouſe, he has agreed to write me an expoſtulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy—which is to be anſwered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works——theſe are to be printed together——Crebillion againſt Sterne—Sterne againſt Crebillion——the copy to be ſold,

and the money equally divided.—This is good Swiſs policy.

I am recovered greatly, and if I could ſpend one whole winter at Toulouſe, I ſhould be fortified, in my inner-man, beyond all danger of relapſing.—A ſad aſthma my daughter has been martyr'd with theſe three winters, but moſtly this laſt, makes it, I fear, neceſſary ſhe ſhould try the laſt remedy of a warmer and ſofter air; ſo I am going this week to Verſailles, to wait upon Count Choiſeul, to ſolicit paſſports for them—If this ſyſtem takes place, they join me here, and after a month's ſtay, we all decamp for the ſouth of France—if not, I ſhall ſee you in June next. Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartney having left Paris, I live altogether in French families.——I laugh till I cry, and, in the ſame tender moments, *cry till I laugh.* I Shandy it more than ever, and verily do believe, that by mere Shandeiſm, ſublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much againſt infirmities, as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear Garrick! Preſent ten thouſand of my beſt reſpects and wiſhes to and for my friend Mrs. Garrick——Had ſhe been laſt night upon the Tuilleries, ſhe would have annihilated a thouſand French Goddeſſes, *in one ſingle turn.*

I am, moſt truly,
my dear friend,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MRS. STERNE, YORK.

MY DEAR, Paris, May 16. 1762.

IT is a thouſand to one that this reaches you before you ſet out—However I take the chance.——You will receive one wrote laſt night, the moment you get to Mr E. and to wiſh you joy of your arrival in town—To that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on—for I have almoſt drain'd my brains dry upon the ſubject. —For GOD's ſake riſe early and gallop away in the cool—and always ſee that you have not forgot your baggage in changing poſt-chaiſes——You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris—— Give the Cuſtom-houſe officers what I told you—— at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch Snuff —but as tobacco is good here, you had beſt bring a Scotch mill, and make it yourſelf, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—'twill keep him out of miſchief.——I would adviſe you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourſelves—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard; but you will look ſharp—Drink ſmall Rheniſh to keep you cool (that is, if you like it). Live well, and deny yourſelves nothing your hearts wiſh. So GOD in heaven proſper and go along with you—Kiſs my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR, Paris, May 31. 1762.

THERE have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three poſts, ſo I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as buſy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be buſier ſtill——I have exhauſted all my ideas about your journey——and what is needful for you to do before and during it—ſo I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the miniſter of Swiſſerland's ſecretary I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Cuſtom-houſe Office at Calais—it ſhall be ſent you next poſt.——You muſt be cautious about Scotch ſnuff——take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the ſame. 'Tis well I bought you a chaiſe—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all ſent to the army, and ſuch a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy——the weather was never known to ſet in ſo hot as it has done the latter end of this month, ſo he and his party are to get into his chaiſes by four in the morning, and travel till nine——and not ſtir out again till ſix;—but I hope this ſevere heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take ſpecial care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement* when you find the heat too much—I ſhall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and

hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your paſſport, my picture, &c. Write, and tell me ſomething of every thing. I long to ſee you both, you may be aſſured, my dear wife and child, after ſo long a ſeparation—and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive.—For my own part I ſhall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—Preſent my reſpects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C. get my viſitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the incloſure at Raſcal, they muſt be encloſed to me——nothing that is fairly propoſed ſhall ſtand ſtill on my ſcore. Do all for the beſt, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us—ſo Heaven preſerve you both—believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Love to my Lydia——I have bought her a gold watch to preſent to her when ſhe comes.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR, Paris, June 7. 1762.

I KEEP my promiſe, and write to you again—I am ſorry the bureau muſt be open'd for the deeds——but you will ſee it done——I imagine you are convinced of the neceſſity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket—if you conſider, Lydia muſt have two ſlight negligees——you will want a new gown or two——as for painted linens, buy them in town, they will be more admired becauſe Engliſh

than French. Mrs. H. writes me word that I am miſtaken about buying ſilk cheaper at Toulouſe than Paris, that ſhe adviſes you to buy what you want here—where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c.—Theſe I ſay will all coſt you ſixty guineas—and you muſt have them—for in this country nothing muſt be ſpared for the back—and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret ſeven ſtoreys high, you muſt not betray it in your clothes, according to which you are well or ill looked on. When we are got to Toulouſe, we muſt begin to turn the penny, and we may (if you do not game much) live very cheap—I think that expreſſion will divert you—and now God knows I have not a wiſh but for your health, comfort, and ſafe arrival here——write to me every other poſt, that I may know how you go on—you will be in raptures with your chariot.—Mr. R. a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has ſeen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain.——You will wonder all the way how I am to find room in it for a third——to eaſe you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coachmakers here call a cave, which is a ſecond bottom added to that you ſet your feet upon, which lets the perſon (who ſits over againſt you) down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all more room—and what is more, leſs heat—becauſe his head does not intercept the fore-glaſs—little or nothing—Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns; ſometimes I ſhall take a bidet—(a little poſt horſe) and ſcamper before——at other times I ſhall ſit in freſco upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will

do very well.—I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill, for accommodating me thus, and ſo genteelly, for 'tis like making a preſent of it.—Mr. T. will ſend you an order to receive it at Calais——and now, my dear girls, have I forgot any thing?

Adieu! adieu!

Yours, moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to ſee every thing—and ſo long you muſt ſtay to reſt your bones.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST, Paris, June 14. 1762.

HAVING an opportunity of writing by a friend who is ſetting out this morning for London, I write again in caſe the two laſt letters I have wrote this week to you ſhould be detained by contrary winds at Calais. I have wrote to Mr. E——, by the ſame hand, to thank him for his kindneſs to you in the handſomeſt manner I could—and have told him, his good heart and his wife's, have made them overlook the trouble of having you at his houſe, but that if he takes you apartments near him, they will have occaſion ſtill enough left to ſhow their friendſhip to us—I have begged him to aſſiſt you, and ſtand by you, as if he was in my place, with regard to the ſale of the Shandys—and then the copy right——Mark to keep theſe things diſtinct in your head—but Becket I have ever found to be a man of probity, and I dare ſay you

will have very little trouble in finiſhing matters with him—and I would rather wiſh you to treat with him than with another man—but whoever buys the fifth and ſixth volume of Shandys, muſt have the nay-ſay of the ſeventh and eighth*.——I wiſh, when you come here, in caſe the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleaſant to go to the Spa for four or ſix weeks, where we ſhould live for half the money we ſhould ſpend at Paris—after that, we ſhould take the ſweeteſt ſeaſon of the vintage to go to the ſouth of France—but we will put our heads together, and you ſhall juſt do as you pleaſe in this, and in every thing which depends on me—for I am a being perfectly contented when others are pleaſed—to bear and forbear will ever be my maxim—only I fear the heats through a journey of five hundred miles for you, and my Lydia, more than for myſelf—do not forget the watch chains——bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewiſe; we ſhall lie under great obligations to the Abbé M. and muſt make him ſuch a ſmall acknowledgment; according to my way of flouriſhing, 'twill be a preſent worth a kingdom to him—They have bad pins, and vile needles here—bring for yourſelf, and ſome for preſents——as alſo a ſtrong bottle-ſcrew, for whatever Scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c. to uncork us our Frontiniac——You will find a letter for you at the Lyon D'Argent——Send for your chaiſe into the court-yard, and ſee all is right——Buy a chain, at Calais, ſtrong enough not to be cut off, and let your portmanteau be tied on the forepart of your chaiſe for

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

fear of a dog's trick—ſo God bleſs you both, and remember me to my Lydia.

I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST, Paris, June 17. 1762.

PROBABLY you will receive another letter with this, by the ſame poſt——if ſo, read this the laſt—It will be the laſt you can poſſibly receive at York, for I hope it will catch you juſt as you are upon the wing ——If that ſhould happen, I ſuppoſe in courſe you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters; and when theſe are ſettled to your mind, you will have got through your laſt difficulty—every thing elſe will be a ſtep of pleaſure; and by the time you have got half a dozen ſtages, you will ſet up your pipes, and ſing Te Deum together, as you whiſk it along.—Deſire Mr. C—— to ſend me a proper letter of attorney by you; he will receive it back by return of poſt. You have done every thing well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington affairs, and left things in the beſt channel.——If I was not ſure you muſt have long ſince got my picture, garnets, &c. I would write and ſcold Mr. T—— abominably—he put them in Becket's hands, to be forwarded by the ſtage-coach to you, as ſoon as he got to town.—I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come ſafe to you, and then you will ſay that I have not been a

bad lad—for you will find I have been writing continually as I wiſhed you to do.——Bring your ſilver coffee-pot; 'twill ſerve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead—to ſay nothing of coffee and chocolate, which, by the by, is both cheap and good at Touloufe, like other things—I had like to have forgot a moſt neceſſary thing; there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we ſhall find ſuch a thing the moſt comfortable utenſil in the houſe——Buy a good ſtrong one, which will hold two quarts—a diſh of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey ſouth—I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry alſo—as china cannot be brought over from England, we muſt make up a villanous party-coloured tea-equipage, to regale ourſelves, and our Engliſh friends, whilſt we are at Toulouſe.——I hope you have got your bill from Becket.—There is a good-natured kind of a trader I have juſt heard of, at Mr. Foley's, who they think will be coming off from England to France, with horſes, the latter end of June. He happened to come over with a lady, who is ſiſter to Mr. Foley's partner, and I have got her to write a letter to him in London, this poſt, to beg he will ſeek you out at Mr. E——'s, and, in caſe a cartel ſhip does not go off before he goes, to take you under his care. He was infinitely friendly, in the ſame office, laſt year, to the lady who now writes to him, and nurſed her on ſhipboard, and defended her by land with great good-will.—Do not ſay I forget you, or whatever can be conducive to your eaſe of mind, in this journey—I wiſh I was with you, to do theſe offices myſelf, and to ſtrew roſes on your way—but I ſhall

have time and occaſion to ſhow you I am not wanting—Now, my dears, once more pluck up your ſpirits—truſt in GOD—in me—and in yourſelves—With this, was you put to it, you would encounter all theſe difficulties ten times told.—Write inſtantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears: tell me Lydia is better, and a helpmate to you——You ſay ſhe grows like me——let her ſhow me ſhe does ſo in her contempt of ſmall dangers, and fighting againſt the apprehenſions of them, which is better ſtill. As I will not have F.'s ſhare of the books, you will inform him ſo—Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to thoſe true friends which Envy has ſpared me—and for the reſt *laiſſez paſſer*——You will find I ſpeak French tolerably—but I only wiſh to be underſtood——You will ſoon ſpeak better: a month's play with a French Demoiſelle will make Lyd chatter like a magpie. Mrs. —— underſtood not a word of it when ſhe got here, and writes me word ſhe begins to prate apace—you will do the ſame in a fortnight—Dear Beſs, I have a thouſand wiſhes, but have a hope for every one of them—You ſhall chant the ſame *jubilate*, my dears; ſo GOD bleſs you. My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu—believe

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Memorandum: Bring watch chains, tea-kettle, knives, cookery-book, &c.

You will ſmile at this laſt article—ſo adieu—At Dover, the Croſs Keys: at Calais, the Lyon D'Argent—the maſter, a Turk in grain.

LETTER XXIX.

TO LADY D.

Paris, July 9. 176[illegible].

I WILL not ſend your Ladyſhip the trifles you bid me purchaſe, without a line. I am very well pleaſed with Paris—Indeed I meet with ſo many civilities amongſt the people here, that I muſt ſing their praiſes ——The French have a great deal of urbanity in their compoſition, and to ſtay a little time amongſt them will be agreeable.—I ſplutter French ſo as to be underſtood——but I have had a droll adventure here, in which my Latin was of ſome ſervice to me —I had hired a chaiſe and a horſe to go about ſeven miles into the country, but, *Shandean-like*, did not take notice that the horſe was almoſt dead when I took him——Before I got half way, the poor animal dropped down dead—ſo I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my ſtory in French, which was, that the poor beaſt had to do with a worſe beaſt than himſelf, namely, *his maſter*, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu-like), and that he had neither had corn or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horſe—But I might as well have whiſtled, as have ſpoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lillabulero —being not underſtood becauſe of its purity; but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me juſtice —no common thing by the way in France.——My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of

the torment of being frizzled.——I wiſh ſhe may ever remain a child of nature——I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your Ladyſhip well—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Touloufe, which place I ſhall ſet out for very ſoon. I am, with truth and ſincerity,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

TO MR. E.

DEAR SIR, Paris, July 12. 1762.

My wife and daughter arrived here ſafe and ſound on Thurſday, and are in high raptures with the ſpeed and pleaſantneſs of their journey, and particularly of all they ſee and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris nothing has given them a more ſenſible and laſting pleaſure than the marks of kindneſs they received from you and Mrs. E.—The friendſhip, good-will and politeneſs, of my two friends, I never doubted to me or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken, however, the liberty of ſending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. muſt do me the honour to wear for my wife's ſake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the Conſul of Algiers, who ſets off to-morrow morning for London, has been ſo kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we

had but juſt time to procure it: and, had we miſſed that opportunity, as we ſhould have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend.—I wiſh it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is any thing we can buy or procure for you here (intelligence included) you have a right to command me——for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER XXXI.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Toulouſe, Auguſt 12. 1762.

By the time you have got to the end of this long letter, you will perceive that I have not been able to anſwer your laſt till now—I have had the intention of doing it almoſt as often as my prayers in my head——'tis thus we uſe our beſt friends——What an infamous ſtory is that you have told me!——After ſome little remarks on it, the reſt of my letter will go on, like ſilk. ****——is a good-natured old eaſy fool, and has been deceived by the moſt artful of her ſex, and ſhe muſt have abundance of impudence and charlatanery, to have carried on ſuch a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for ſo much money—a man of ſenſe I ſhould have laughed at—My wife ſaw her when in town, and ſhe had not the appearance of poverty; but when ſhe wants to melt ****'s heart, ſhe puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer.——But he might have

been aware of her. I could not have been miſtaken in her character—and 'tis odd ſhe ſhould talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverſe——ſo good night to her——About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris, I had the ſame accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a veſſel in my lungs. It happened in the night, and I bled the bed full; and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I ſent immediately for a ſurgeon to bleed me at both arms—this ſaved me, and, with lying ſpeechleſs three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and, in a week after I got out—This, with my weakneſs and hurrying about, made me think it high time to haſte to Toulouſe.—We have had four months of ſuch heats, that the oldeſt Frenchman never remembers the like ——'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour—in the height of this, 'twas our deſtiny (or rather deſtruction) to ſet out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c. to ſhorten, I trow, our ſufferings—Good God!—but 'tis over—and hear I am in my own houſe, quite ſettled by M——'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can expreſs, or know how to pay at preſent ——'Tis in the prettieſt ſituation in Toulouſe, with near two acres of garden——the houſe too good by half for us—well furniſhed, for which I pay thirty pounds a-year.—I have got a good cook—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good looking *laquais* —The Abbé has planned our expences, and ſet us in ſuch a train, we cannot eaſily go wrong—— though, by the by, the d—l is ſeldom found ſleep-

ing under a hedge. Mr Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris.—I took care to ſee all executed according to your directions—but Trotter, I dare ſay, by this, has wrote to you—I made him happy beyond expreſſion with your Crazy Tales, and more ſo with its frontiſpiece.—I am in ſpirits, writing a crazy chapter with my face turned towards thy turret——'Tis now I wiſh all warmer climates, countries, and every thing elſe, at ——, that ſeparates me from our paternal ſeat—*ce ſera là où repoſera ma cendre——et ce ſera là où mon couſin viendra repondre les pleurs dues à notre amitié*—I am taking aſſes milk three times a day, and cows milk as often—— I long to ſee thy face again once more—Greet the Colonel kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to Madame and Mademoiſelle Shandy at York, who ſend all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France, and Frenchmen—but that is not enough for your affectionate couſin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out, I trow) but thank heaven the poſt brings me a letter from my Anthony ——I felicitate you upon what Meſſrs. the Reviewers allow you—they have too much judgment themſelves not to allow you what you are actually poſſeſſed of, "talents, wit, and humour."——Well, write on, my dear couſin, and be guided by thy own fancy.——Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Caſtle!——I could like to ſpend a month with you —and ſhould return back again for the vintage.—I

honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental ſeat——'tis well done—I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aſpiciam?*—Now farewell——remember me to my beloved Colonel——greet Panty moſt lovingly on my behalf; and if Mrs. C— and Miſs C—, *&c.* are at G—, greet them likewiſe with a holy kiſs—So God bleſs you.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, Auguſt 14. 1762.

AFTER many turnings (*alias* digreſſions) to ſay nothing of downright overthrows, ſtops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouſe, and are now ſettled in our houſes with ſervants, &c. about us, and look as compoſed as if we had been here ſeven years.—In our journey we ſuffered ſo much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it—I never ſaw a cloud from Paris to Niſmes half as broad as a twenty-four ſols piece.—Good God! we were toaſted, roaſted, grill'd, ſtew'd and carbonaded, on one ſide or other all the way—and being all done enough (*aſſez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unſwept out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of poſſeſſion gives right) of every inn we lay at—Can you conceive a worſe accident, than that in ſuch a journey, in the hotteſt day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or ſhrub which could caſt a ſhade of the ſize of one of Eve's fig leaves——that we ſhould break a

hind wheel into ten thouſand pieces, and be obliged in conſequence to ſit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or poſſibility of getting any?——To mend the matter, my two poſtillions were too dough-hearted fools, and fell a-crying—Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waiſtcoat, ſomething ſhall be done, for I'll thraſh you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horſe——and ride like two devils to the next poſt for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourſelves——Our luggage weighed ten quintals——'twas the fair of Baucaire—all the word was going, or returning—we were aſk'd by every ſoul who paſs'd by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire——No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *vous avez raiſon, mes amis.*

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and moſt deliciouſly placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent houſe well furniſh'd, and elegant beyond any thing I look'd for—'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the beſt garden in Toulouſe, laid out in ſerpentine walks, and ſo large, that the company in our quarter uſually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my conſent—"the more the merrier."—The houſe conſiſts of a good *ſalle à manger* above ſtairs, joining to the very great *ſalle à campagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handſome bed-chambers with dreſſing rooms to them—below ſtairs two very good rooms for myſelf, one to ſtudy in, the other to ſee com-

pany.—I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the ſame landlord I have bargained to have the uſe of a country houſe which he has two miles out of town, ſo that myſelf and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other——My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or leſs than thirty pounds a-year—all things are cheap in proportion—ſo we ſhall live for very very little——I dined yeſterday with Mr. H—; he is moſt pleaſantly ſituated, and they are all well. —As for the books you have received for D—, the bookſeller was a fool not to ſend the bill along with them—I will write to him about it.—I wiſh you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghoſtly and bodily—but this, like many other wiſhes both for you and myſelf, muſt have its completion elſewhere——Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reaſon, for

I am moſt truly yours,

L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—My beſt reſpects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that ſociety—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Toulouſe. Oct. 19. 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter yeſterday—ſo it has been travelling from Crazy Caſtle to Toulouſe full eighteen days—If I had nothing to ſtop me, I would engage to ſet out this morning, and knock at Crazy Caſtle gates in three days leſs time—by which time I ſhould find you and the Colonel, Panty, &c. all alone—the ſeaſon I moſt wiſh and like to be with you—I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins, that you have ſnatch'd ſo many happy and ſunſhiny days out of the hands of the blue devils—If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give theſe gentry a drubbing—and turn them for ever out of their uſurped citadel—Some legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this laſt campaign—and I hope to have a hand in diſperſing the remainder the firſt time my dear couſin ſets up his banners again under the ſquare tower—But what are thou meditating with axes and hammers?—" *I know the pride and the naughtineſs* " *of thy heart*," and thou loveſt the ſweet viſions of architraves, friezes, and pediments with their tympanums, and thou haſt found out a pretence, *à raiſon de cinq cent livres ſterling* to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (ſo as not to be felt, which is always added by the d—l as a bait) to juſtify thyſelf unto thyſelf—It may be very wiſe to do this—but 'tis wiſer to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilſt

there are wars without and rumours of wars within. St. ——— adviſes his diſciples to ſell both coat and waiſtcoat—and go rather without ſhirt or ſword, than leave no money in their ſcrip to go to Jeruſalem with—Now thoſe *quatre ans confecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the moſt precious morſels of thy *life to come* (in this world) and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morſel without cares, calculations, and curſes, and damns, and debts—for as ſure as ſtone is ſtone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance—But, after all, if the Fates have decreed, as you and I have ſome time ſuppoſed it on account of your generoſity, "*that you* "*are never to be a monied man*," the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your caſtle, and line it with cedar, and paint it within ſide and without ſide with vermilion, or not—*et cela étant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glaſs at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happineſs, and to the final accompliſhments of all thy lunary and ſublunary projects.——For ſix weeks together, after I wrote my laſt letter to you, my projects were many ſtoreys higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world—I fell ill of an epidemic vile fever, which killed hundreds about me—The phyſicians here are the arranteſt charlatans in Europe, or the moſt ignorant of all pretending fools——I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature——She (dear goddeſs) has ſaved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthuſiaſm now in her favour, and in my

own, that one or two more eſcapes will make me believe I ſhall leave you all at laſt by tranſlation, and not by fair death. I am now ſtout and fooliſh again as a happy man can wiſh to be——and am buſy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got ſouſed over head and ears in love.——I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I truſt as I wiſh in this matter.—When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouſe —I cannot ſee I have any thing more to do with it; therefore, after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I ſhall return from whence I came—Now my wife wants to ſtay another year, ſo ſave money; and this oppoſition of wiſhes, though it will not be as ſour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as ſweet as ſugar-candy.—I wiſh T— would lead Sir Charles to Toulouſe; 'tis as good as any town in the ſouth of France——for my own part, tis not to my taſte—but I believe, the ground-work of my *ennui* is owing more to the eternal platitude of the French character——little variety, no originality in it at all—than to any other cauſe, for they are very civil—but civility itſelf, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death—If I do not mind, I ſhall grow moſt ſtupid and ſententious——Miſs Shandy is hard at it with muſic, dancing, and French ſpeaking, in the laſt of which ſhe does *à merveille*, and ſpeaks it with an excellent accent, conſidering ſhe practiſes within ſight of the Pyrenean mountains.—If the ſnows will ſuffer me, I propoſe to ſpend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres; but my dear wife is againſt all ſchemes of additional ex-

pences——which wicked propenſity (though not of deſpotic power) yet I cannot ſuffer—though by the by laudable enough—But ſhe may talk—I will do my own way, and ſhe will acquieſce, without a word of debate on the ſubject. Who can ſay ſo much in praiſe of his wife? Few I trow. M—— is out of town vintaging—So write to me, *Monſieur Sterne, gentlehomme Anglois*——'twill find me——We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here, as at the Cape of Good Hope——ſo write a long nonſenſical letter like this, now and then to me——in which ſay nothing but what may be ſhown (though I love every paragraph and ſpirited ſtroke of your pen, others might not), for you muſt know, a letter no ſooner arrives from England, but curioſity is upon her knees to know the contents——Adieu, dear H.—Believe me.

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here theſe fourteen days——which has obliged us to ſit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noſes—'tis a dear article—but every thing elſe being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good houſe, with *ſoupe, bouilli roti*——&c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a-year.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, November 9. 1762.

I HAVE had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not anſwering it ſooner ——and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit one poſt more acknowledging the favour——In a few poſts, I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love.—Thank you for having done what I deſired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monſieur Brouſſe's—I receive all letters through him more punctual and ſooner than when left at the poſt-houſe——

H————'s family greet you with mine——we are much together, and never forget you—forget me not to the Baron——and all the circle—nor to your domeſtic circle.

I am got pretty well, and ſport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers—ſo God help them——I ſhall hear from you in a poſt or two at leaſt after you receive this——In the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wiſhes or eſteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, Wedneſday, Dec. 5. 1762.

I HAVE for this laſt fortnight every poſt-day gone to Meſſrs. B—— and Sons, in expectation of the pleaſure of a letter from you, with the remittance I deſired you to ſend me here.——When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket—and a thouſand miles from home—and in a country, where he can as ſoon raiſe the devil, as a ſix livre piece to go to market with, in caſe he has changed his laſt guinea—you will not envy my ſituation——God bleſs you—remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this.——We are all at H——'s, practiſing a play we are to act here this Chriſtmas holidays—all the Dramatis Perſonæ are of the Engliſh, of which he have a happy ſociety living together like brothers and ſiſters.——Your banker here has juſt ſent me word the tea M. H. wrote for is to be delivered into my hands—'tis all one into whoſe hands the treaſure falls—we ſhall pay Brouſſe for it the day we get it——We join in our moſt friendly reſpects; and believe me, dear Foley, truly

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, Dec. 17. 1762.

THE poſt after I wrote laſt, I received yours with the encloſed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks——I have received this day likewiſe the box and tea all ſafe and ſound—ſo we ſhall all of us be in our cups this Chriſtmas, and drink without fear or ſtint.—We begin to live extremely happy, and are altogether every night—fiddling, laughing and ſinging, and cracking jokes. You will ſcarce believe the news I tell you—There are a company of Engliſh ſtrollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Chriſtmas, and are now buſy making dreſſes, and preparing ſome of our beſt comedies——Your wonder will ceaſe, when I inform you theſe ſtrollers are your friends, with the reſt of our ſociety, to whom I propoſed this ſcheme *ſoulagement*—and I aſſure you we do well.——The next week, with a grand orcheſtra, we play the Buſy Body—and the journey to London the week after; but I have ſome thoughts of adapting it to our ſituation—and making it the journey to Toulouſe, which, with the change of half a dozen ſcenes, may be eaſily done.—Thus, my dear F. for want of ſomething better, we have recourſe to ourſelves, and ſtrike out the beſt amuſements we can from ſuch materials.——My kind love and friendſhip to all my true friends—My ſervice to the reſt. H——'s family have juſt left me, having been this

laſt week with us—they will be with me all the holidays—In ſummer we ſhall viſit them, and ſo balance hoſpitalities,

Adieu,

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, March 29. 1763.

—THOUGH that's a miſtake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H——'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—"How does Triſtram do?" you ſay in yours to him—Faith but ſo ſo—the worſt of human maladies is poverty—though that is a ſecond lie—for poverty of ſpirit is worſe than poverty of purſe by ten thouſand per cent. I encloſe you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I inſiſt upon a reſcription by the very return ——or I will ſend you and all your commiſſaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have taſted of one fleſhly banquet all this Lent—You will make an excellent *grillé*. P— they can make nothing of him but *bouillon* —I mean my other two friends no ill——ſo ſhall ſend them a reprieve as they acted out of neceſſity —not choice—My kind reſpects to Baron D'Holbach, and all his houſehold—Say all that's kind for me to my other friends——you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs—My wife's compliments.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, April 18. 1763.

I THANK you for your punctuality in ſending me the reſcription, and for your box by the courier, which came ſafe by laſt poſt.——I was not ſurpriſed much with your account of Lord ***** being obliged to give way——and for the reſt, all follows in courſe.——I ſuppoſe you will endeavour to fiſh and catch ſomething for yourſelf in theſe troubled waters—at leaſt I wiſh you all a reaſonable man can wiſh for himſelf—which is wiſhing enough for you —all the reſt is in the brain—Mr. Woodhouſe (whom you know) is alſo here—he is a moſt amiable worthy man, and I have the pleaſure of having him much with me—in a ſhort time he proceeds to Italy. ——The firſt week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole houſehold, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amuſement from the concourſe of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M—— ſets out at the ſame time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Courtray—from whence to Italy—This is the general plan of operations here——except that I have ſome thoughts of ſpending the winter at Florence, and croſſing over with my family to Leghorn

by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a ſketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumſtances—ſo that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwiſe on Saturday—On all days of the week, believe yours,

With unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P. S. All compliments to my Pariſian friends.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, April 29. 1763.

LAST poſt my agent wrote me word he would ſend up from York a bill for fourſcore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he ſaid he would expedite immediately, ſo 'tis poſſible you may have had advice of it—and 'tis poſſible alſo the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I ſet out for Bagnieres in that time, be ſo good as to give me credit for the money for a few poſts or ſo, and ſend me either a reſcription for the money, or a draught for it——at the receipt of which, we ſhall decamp for ten or twelve weeks—You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which ſend alſo——ſo much for that—As for pleaſure—you have it all amongſt you at Paris—we have nothing here which deſerves the name—I ſhall ſcarce be tempted to ſojourn another winter in Toulouſe—for I cannot ſay it ſuits my

health as I hoped—'tis too moiſt—and I cannot keep clear of agues here——ſo that if I ſtay the next winter on this ſide of the water—'twill be either at Nice or Florence—and I ſhall return to England in April——Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am,

Yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiſelle preſent their beſt compliments——Remember me to all I regard, particularly Meſſrs. Panchaud, and the reſt of your *houſehold.*

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouſe, May 21. 1763.

I TOOK the liberty, three weeks ago, to deſire you would be ſo kind as to ſend me fourſcore pounds, having received a letter the ſame poſt from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correſpondent in London in a fortnight.—It is ſome diſappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, eſpecially as I told you we waited for the money before we ſet out for Bagnieres——and ſo little diſtruſt had I that ſuch a civility would be refuſed me, that we have actually had all our things packed up theſe eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.——Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London ——but you might have truſted to my honour——

that all the caſh in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to ſay the thing *that is not.*——I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London—but it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would tranſmit me the money when you had received it, but no ſooner; for Mr. R—— of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the ſum.

I am, dear F—, your friend
and hearty wellwiſher,
L. STERNE.

I ſaw the family of the H—— yeſterday, and aſked them if you was in the land of the living—They ſaid yea—for they had juſt received a letter from you.—After all, I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a ſignal ſervice in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God ſend you wealth and happineſs ——All compliments to ———. Before April next I am obliged to reviſit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Touloufe, June 9. 1763.

I THIS moment received yours——conſequently the moment I got it, I ſat down to anſwer it—ſo much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you ſo teſty a letter, had I not both loved and eſteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendſhip that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cauſe; which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you:——I was the beſt friends with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuſe for my friend, "That he was oppreſſed with a multitude of "buſineſs." Go on, my dear F. and have but that excuſe (ſo much do I regard your intereſt), that I would be content to ſuffer a *real evil* without future murmuring—but in truth, my diſappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a perſon I never ſaw, by me—but which, out of nicety of temper, I would not make any uſe of——I ſet out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brouſſe, who will forward all my letters.—Dear F—, adieu.—Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, June 12. 1763.

LUCKILY juſt before I was ſtepping into my chaiſe for Bagnieres, has a ſtrayed fifty pound bill found its way to me; ſo I have ſent it to its lawful owner enclоſed—My noodle of an agent, inſtead of getting

Mr. Selwin to adviſe you he had received the money (which would have been enough), has got a bill for it, and ſent it rambling to the furtheſt part of France after me; and if it had not caught me juſt now, it might have followed me into Spain, for I ſhall croſs the Pyreneans, and ſpend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon—When I write the hiſtory of my travels—Memorandum! I am not to forget how honeſt a man I have for a banker at Paris.——But, my dear friend, when you ſay you dare truſt me for what little occaſions I may have, you have as much faith as honeſty—and more of both than of good policy.——I thank you however ten thouſand times—and except ſuch liberty as I have lately taken with you—and that too at a pinch—I ſay beyond that I will not treſpaſs upon your good nature, or friendlineſs to ſerve me.——God bleſs you, dear F—.

I am yours whilſt

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Montpellier, Oct. 5. 1765.

I AM aſhamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brouſſe, your correſpondent at Toulouſe, in caſe I ſhould have occaſion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres—which, as I knew the offer came from your heart, I made no difficulty of accepting.——In my way through Toulouſe to Mar-

ſeilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouſe has given me a ſurfeit), we have returned here, where we ſhall reſide the winter——My wife and daughter purpoſe to ſtay a year at leaſt behind me, and when winter is over, to return to Toulouſe, or go to Montauban, where they will ſtay till they return, or I fetch them —For myſelf, I ſhall ſet out in February for England, where my heart has been fled theſe ſix months —but I ſhall ſtay a fortnight with my friends at Paris; though I verily believe, if it was not for the pleaſure of ſeeing and chattering with you, I ſhould paſs on directly to Bruſſels, and ſo on to Rotterdam, for the ſake of ſeeing Holland, and embark from thence to London——But I muſt ſtay a little with thoſe I love, and have ſo many reaſons to regard— You cannot place too much of this to your own ſcore.—I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago—but I muſt like my ſubject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind.—Pray what Engliſh have you at Paris? where is my young friend Mr. F—? We hear of three or four Engliſh families coming to us here——If I can be ſerviceable to any you would ſerve, you have but to write. —Mr. H—— has ſent my friend W—'s picture— You have ſeen the original, or I would have ſent it you—I believe I ſhall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come *in propria perſona*— till when, God bleſs you, my dear friend, and believe me

Moſt faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Montpellier, Jan. 5. 1764.

You ſee I cannot paſs over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you—The laſt is a periodical habit—the firſt is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember——However, from both motives together, I maintain I have a right to the pleaſure of a ſingle line—be it only to tell me how your watch goes—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well.—You are going to have them all to yourſelf (I hear), and that Mr. S—— is true to his firſt intention of leaving buſineſs——I hope this will enable you to accompliſh yours in a ſhorter time, that you may get to your long wiſhed-for retreat of tranquillity and ſilence—When you have got to your fireſide, and into your arm chair (and by the by, have another to ſpare for a friend), and are ſo much a ſovereign as to ſit in your furred cap, if you like it, though I ſhould not (for a man's ideas are at leaſt the cleaner for being dreſſed decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghoſt upon you—and in a very unghoſt-like faſhion help you off with a bottle of your beſt wine.

January 15.—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the moſt perfect health, ſhould be concluded in the greateſt weakneſs—I wiſh the vul-

gar high and low do not ſay it was a judgment upon me for taking all this liberty with *ghoſts*—Be it as it may—I took a ride when the firſt part of this was wrote, towards Perenas—and returned home in a ſhivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beaſt; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixote's wooden horſe, and my arm was half diſlocated in whipping him—This, quoth I, is inhuman—No, ſays a peaſant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home—ſo he laid on his poſteriors, but 'twas needleſs—as his face was turned towards Montpellier, he began to trot.—But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed——I have ſuffered in this ſcuffle with Death terribly—but unleſs the ſpirit of prophecy deceive me—I ſhall not die, but live—in the mean time, dear F. let us live as merrily, but *as innocently* as we can—It has ever been as good, if not better than a biſhopric to me——and *I deſire no other*—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me yours,

L. S.

Pleaſe to give the enclofed to Mr T—, and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good will*.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Montpellier, Jan. 20. [1764.]

HEARING by Lord Rochford (who in paſſing through here in his way to Madrid has given me a

call), that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris—I have encloſed a letter to him, which you will preſent in courſe, or direct to him.—I ſuppoſe you are full of Engliſh—but in ſhort we are here as if in another world, where, unleſs ſome ſtrayed ſoul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours—Lord G——r I ſuppoſe is gone from Paris, or I had wrote alſo to him. I know you are as buſy as a bee, and have few moments to yourſelf—Nevertheleſs beſtow one of them upon an old friend, and write me a line—and if Mr. F— is too idle, and has ought to ſay to me, pray write a ſecond line for him ——We had a letter from Miſs P—— this week, who it ſeems has decamped for ever from Paris—*All is for the beſt*——which is my general reflection upon many things in this world.——Well! I ſhall ſhortly come and ſhake you by the hand in St. Sauveur—if ſtill you are there.—My wife returns to Toulouſe, and purpoſes to ſpend the ſummer at Bagnieres—I on the contrary go and viſit my wife, the church in Yorkſhire——We all live the longer,—— at leaſt the happier, for having things our own way.—This is my conjugal maxim——I own 'tis not the beſt of maxims—but I maintain 'tis not the worſt.. Adieu, dear F——, and believe me

Yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS. F.

Montpellier, Feb. 1. 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it.——That inſipidity there is in French characters has diſguſted your friend Yorick.——I have been dangerouſly ill, and cannot think that the ſharp air of Montpellier has been of ſervice to me—and ſo my phyſicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month ——If you ſtay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you——And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this ſooner?—After having diſcharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I ſhould ſet out for England very ſoon; but as ſhe chooſes to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wiſh my girl in England. —The ſtates of Languedoc are met——'tis a fine raree-ſhow, with the uſual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-ſhows.——I believe I ſhall ſtep into my poſt-chaiſe with more alacrity to fly from theſe ſights, than a Frenchman would to fly to them——and, except a tear at parting with my little ſlut, I ſhall be in high ſpirits; and every ſtep I take that brings me nearer England, will, I think, help to ſet this poor frame to rights. Now, pray write to me, directed to Mr. F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over.—How do I long to greet all my friends! Few do I value more than yourſelf. —My wife chooſes to go to Montauban, rather than

ſtay here, in which I am truly paſſive—If this ſhould not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wiſh to fulfil your commiſſions—and ſo adieu——Accept every warm wiſh for your health, and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My phyſicians have almoſt poiſoned me with what they call *buillons refraichiſſants*—'tis a cock flay'd alive, and boiled with poppy ſeeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards paſs'd through a ſieve——There is to be one crawfiſh in it, and I was gravely told it muſt be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAR LYDIA, Paris, May 15. 1764.

By this time I ſuppoſe your mother and ſelf are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.—I acquieſced in your ſtaying in France—likewiſe it was your mother's wiſh—but I muſt tell you both, that (unleſs your health had not been a plea made uſe of) I ſhould have wiſhed you both to return with me.—I have ſent you the Spectators and other books, particularly Metaſtaſio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amuſement.—I hope you have not forgot my laſt requeſt, to make no friendſhips with the French women——not that I

think ill of them all, but ſometimes women of the beſt principles are the moſt *inſinuating*——nay, I am ſo jealous of you, that I ſhould be miſerable, were I to ſee you had the leaſt grain of coquetry in your compoſition.——You have enough to do——for I have alſo ſent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waſte not your time about it—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in ſhort, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural. If your mother's rheumatiſm continues, and ſhe chooſes to go to Bagnieres,—tell her not to be ſtopped for want of money, for my purſe ſhall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambaſſador's chapel—Hezekiah *—(an odd ſubject your mother will ſay). There was a concourſe of all nations, and religions too.—I ſhall leave Paris in a few days—I am lodged in the ſame hotel with Mr T——; they are good and generous ſouls.—Tell your mother that I hope ſhe will write to me, and that when ſhe does ſo, I may alſo receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiſs your mother from me, and believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

* See Sermon XVII.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

MY DEAR FOLEY, York, Auguſt 6. 1764.

THERE is a young lady with whom I have ſent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy—her name is Miſs Tutting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom—If you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c. your good nature and politeneſs I am ſure need no ſpur from me to do it. I was ſorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilſt in London, for we were never able to be both reſident together the month I continued in and about the environs.——If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certaintly ſee me in Paris the week following, for now I abandon every thing in this world to health and to my friends——for the laſt ſermon that I ſhall ever preach was preached at Paris——ſo I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one which is better. I ſent, laſt poſt, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne, which makes a hundred pounds remitted ſince I got here.—You muſt pay yourſelf what I owe you out of it—and place the reſt to account.——Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis—but not more—(I think) I having left her a hundred in her pocket.——But you ſhall always have money beforehand of mine—and ſhe purpoſes to ſpend no further than five thouſand livres in the year—but twenty pounds, this way or that, makes

no difference between us.——Give my kindeſt compliments to Mr. P—. I have a thouſand things to ſay to you, and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear.—The Meſſrs. T——, H——, &c. and many more of your friends with whom I am now, ſend their ſervices——Mine to all friends —Yours, dear F. moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

TO J——r H—— S——, ESQ.

September 4. 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Anthony——I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough ſo abominable a thing—but if a man could get there cleverly, and every ſoul in his houſe in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to conſult in this affair—therefore, as a man may do worſe things, the Engliſh of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor ſheep here in the wilderneſs for fourteen days—and from pride and naughtineſs of heart, to go ſee what is doing at Scarborough—ſtedfaſtly meaning afterwards to lead a new life, and ſtrengthen my faith.—Now ſome folk ſay there is much company there—and ſome ſay not—and I believe there is neither the one nor the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or ſo.—No, my dear H——, I did not delay ſending your letter directly to the poſt.——As there are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in

*** humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will anſwer for him, he has ſeventy times ſeven forgiven you—and as often wiſhed you at the d—l.——After many oſcillations, the pendulum will reſt firm as ever.——

I ſend all kind compliments to Sir C. D—— and G—s. I love them from my ſoul——If G——t is with you, him alſo.—I go on, not rapidly but well enough with my uncle Toby's amours—There is no ſitting and cudgelling one's brains whilſt the ſun ſhines bright—'twill be all over in ſix or ſeven weeks, and there are diſmal months enow after to endure ſuffocation by a brimſtone fire-ſide—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes ſix tons of alum a week, may do any thing—Lord Granby is to be there—what a temptation!

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR COUSIN, Coxwould, Thurſday [Sept. 1764.]

I AM but this moment returned from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever ſince the races, and have received marvellous ſtrength, had I not debilitated it as faſt as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I ſuppoſe you are decamp'd—otherwiſe, as idle a beaſt as I have been, I would have ſacrificed a few days to the god of laughter

with you and your jolly ſet.—I have done nothing good that I know of, ſince I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K—, in my way through York hither—I muſt try now and do better——Go on, and proſper for a month.

Your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND, York, September 29. 1764.

I HAVING juſt had the honour of a letter from Miſs Tutting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind ſervices to her, I will not believe theſe aroſe from the D. of A—'s letters, nor mine. Surely *ſhe needed no recommendation*——the trueſt and moſt honeſt compliment I can pay you, is to ſay they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object——for the reſt followed in courſe—However, let me caſt in my mite of thanks to the treaſury which belongs to good-natured actions. I have been with Lord G———y theſe three weeks at Scarborough——the pleaſures of which I found ſomewhat more exalted than thoſe of Bagnieres laſt year.—I am now returned to my Philoſophical Hut to finiſh Triſtram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Chriſtmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head-quarters at London for the winter—unleſs my cough puſhes me forwards to your metropolis—or that I can perſuade ſome *gros* my Lord to take a trip to you—I'll try if I

can make him reliſh the joys of the *Tuilleries*, *Opera Comique*, &c.

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne from Montauban, in which ſhe tells me ſhe has occaſion for fifty pounds immediately——Will you ſend an order to your correſpondent at Montauban to pay her ſo much caſh——and I will in three weeks ſend as much to Becket—But as her purſe is low, for GOD's ſake write directly. Now you muſt do ſomething equally eſſential—to rectify a miſtake in the mind of your correſpondent there, who it ſeems gave her a hint not long ago, "*that ſhe was ſeparated from me* "*for life.*"—Now as this is not true in the firſt place, and may give a diſadvantageous impreſſion of her to thoſe ſhe lives amongſt—'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter ſuffer by it;——ſo do be ſo good as to undeceive him—for in a year or two ſhe propoſes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me—and tell them I have all the confidence in the world ſhe will not ſpend more than I can afford, and I only mentioned two hundred guineas a year—becauſe 'twas right to name ſome certain ſum, for which I begged you to give her credit.—I write you of all my moſt intimate concerns, as to a brother; ſo excuſe me, dear Foley. God bleſs you.—Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach, &c.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND, York, November 11. 1764.

I SENT ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this poſt one of ſixty—When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what ſhall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the mean time I have deſired Becket to ſend you fourſcore pounds; and if my wife, before I get to London, ſhould have occaſion for fifty louis, let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or fortnight I know will break no ſquares with a good and worthy friend.——I will contrive to ſend you theſe two new volumes of Triſtram, as ſoon as ever I get them from the preſs.—You will read as odd a tour through France as ever was projected or executed by a traveller, or travel-writers, ſince the world began—'tis a laughing good tempered ſatire againſt travelling (as *puppies* travel)—Panchaud will enjoy it—I am quite civil to your Pariſians—*et pour cauſe* you know—'tis likely I may ſee them in ſpring—Is it poſſible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If ſo, I would write to Mademoiſelle N—— to make as good a copy from it as ſhe poſſibly could—with a view to do her ſervice here—and I would remit her the price—I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if ſhe executes it with the ſpirit of the original in your hands——for it will be ſeen by many—and as my phiz is as remarkable as myſelf, if ſhe preſerves the

true character of both, it will do her honour and ſervice too.——Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy—Will you preſent my kind reſpects to the worthy Baron—I ſhall ſend him one of the beſt impreſſions of my picture from Mr. Reynolds's—another to Monſieur P—— My love to Mr. S—n and P—d.

I am moſt truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIII.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

DEAR, DEAR COUSIN, Nov. 13. 1764.

'Tis a church militant week with me, full of marches and counter-marches——and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to encloſe—otherwiſe I would have obeyed your ſummons——and yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having received a letter from C——, who has been very ill; and is coming down to ſtay a week or ten days with me—Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his ſoul for a ſight of you in your own caſtle.——I cannot do otherwiſe than bring him with me—nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty houſe to pay a viſit to from London, as he comes half expreſs to ſee me—I thank you for the care of my northern vintage—I fear after all I muſt give it a fermentation on the other ſide of the Alps, which is better than being on the lees with it——but *nous verrons*—yet I fear, as it has got ſuch hold of my brains, and

comes upon it like an armed man at nights—I muſt give way for quietneſs ſake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long—I have been *Miſs-ridden* this laſt week by a couple of romping girls *(bien miſes et comme il faut)* who might as well have been in the houſe with me (though perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them) but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted.—Theſe things accord not well with ſermon making—but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho ſays, and that is all that can be made of it.—I truſt all goes ſwimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuſe you, and call you twice out (at leaſt) a day.——I ſhall ſee them I truſt in ten days, or thereabouts—If it was any way poſſible, I would ſet out this moment, though I have no cavalry——*(except a ſhe Aſs.)* Give all friendly reſpects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H——'s, and the garriſon, both of Guiſbro and Skelton.——I am, dear Anthony,

Affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND, York, Nov. 16. 1764.

THREE poſts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to ſet Mrs. Sterne right in her miſtake, that you had any money of mine in your hands—being very ſenſible that the hundred pounds I had ſent you, through

Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you—The reaſon of her error was owing to my writing her word, I ſhould ſend you a bill in a poſt or two for fifty pounds—which, my finances falling ſhort juſt then, I deferred——ſo that I had paid nothing to any one—but was, however, come to York this day, and I have ſent you a draught for a hundred pounds——In honeſt truth, a fortnight ago I had not the caſh—but I am as honeſt as the king (as Sancho Panca ſays) *only not ſo rich.*

Therefore if Mrs. Sterne ſhould want thirty louis more, let her have them——and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honour at Chriſtmas, when I ſhall be in London, having now juſt finiſhed my two volumes of Triſtram.—I have ſome thoughts of going to Italy this year—at leaſt I ſhall not defer it above another.——I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne, but am now ſat down till December in my ſweet retirement.—I wiſh you was ſat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares —In a few years, my dear F. I hope to ſee you a real country gentleman, though not altogether exiled from your friends in London—there I ſhall ſpend every winter of my life, in the ſame lap of contentment, where I enjoy myſelf now——and wherever I go——we muſt bring three parts in four of the treat along with us——In ſhort, we muſt be happy within—and then few things without us make much diſference—This is my Shandean philoſophy.——You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais, through Paris, to the Garronne, in theſe volumes—my friends tell me they are done with ſpirit

—it muſt ſpeak for itſelf—Give my kind reſpects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud—When you ſee Baron D'Holbach, preſent him my reſpects, and believe me, dear F.

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LV.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DEAR GARRICK, London, March 16. 1765.

I THREATENED you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to my ſhame be it ſpoken) I lead ſuch a life of diſſipation, I have never had a moment to myſelf which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another—and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unleſs I take pen and ink juſt now, I ſhall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teazed and tormented too much by your correſpondents, to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you—ſo that I will not magnify either our loſs or yours——but hope cordially to ſee you ſoon. —Since I wrote laſt, I have frequently ſtept into your houſe—that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party, where I denied, along with me—This was but juſtice to you, as I walked in as a wit ——but with regard to myſelf, I balanced the account thus—I am ſometimes in my friend ——'s houſe, but he is always in Triſtram Shandy's—

where my friends ſay he will continue (and I hope they propheſy true for my own immortality) even when he himſelf is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here—Shandy ſells well——I am taxing the public with two more volumes of ſermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy—It goes into the world with a prancing liſt *de toute la nobleſſe*—which will bring me three hundred pounds, excluſive of the ſale of the copy——ſo that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penſer* has ever impreſſed on me, I ſhall be rich in ſpite of myſelf: but I ſcorn, you muſt know, in the high *ton* I take at preſent to pocket all this traſh—I ſet out to lay a portion of it out in the ſervice of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I ſhall ſpring game, or the deuce is in the dice. In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myſelf of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and ſo ſaunter philoſophically for a year or ſo, on the other ſide the Alps.—I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourſelf back *à la fleur de jeuneſſe* —May you both long feel the ſweets of it, and your friends with you.—Do, dear friend, make my kindeſt wiſhes and compliments acceptable to the beſt and wiſeſt of the daughters of Eve——You ſhall ever believe, and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, April 6. 1765.

I SCALP you!——my dear Garrick! my dear friend! foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head!——and ſo full was I of that very ſentiment, that my letter had not been put into the poſt-office ten minutes, before my heart ſmote me; and I ſent to recall it——but failed——You are ſadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my falſe delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately ſpun as thy own——his ſentiments as honeſtly and friendly——thou knoweſt, Shandy, that he loves thee——why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-aſs, &c. &c.—and ſo I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way*——I ſay *your way*——for it is not ſtated ſo much to your honour and credit, as I had paſſed the account before—for it was a moſt lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendſhip meant me, except whilſt in Paris—Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continued to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thouſands who admire you.——The moment you ſet your foot upon your ſtage——mark! I tell it you—by ſome magic irreſiſted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afreſh, and as ſtrong

and feelingly as ever—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you——and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world theſe many, many, many years.

Heaven be praiſed! (I utter it from my ſoul) that your lady and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windſor——Full rapturouſly will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will ſacrifice with the pureſt incenſe to her——but you may worſhip with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion——ſtill (after all I have ſeen) I ſtill maintain her peerleſs.

Powel! good Heaven! give me ſome one with leſs ſmoke and more fire——There are who, like the Phariſees, ſtill think they ſhall be heard for *much* ſpeaking——Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another leſſon.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better ——not hobbihorſically—but moſt ſentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never ſay another word about —) with all the ſentiments of love and friendſhip you deſerve from me,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Bath, April 15. 1765.

My wife tells me ſhe has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you ſhould be paid it that minute—the money is now in Becket's hands——

ſend me, my dear Foley, my account, that I may diſcharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands—I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the literati—my two volumes of Triſtram, and two of ſermons, which I ſhall print very ſoon, will bring me a conſiderable ſum.——Almoſt all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and 'tis thought it will be the largeſt and moſt ſplendid liſt which ever pranced before a book, ſince ſubſcriptions came into faſhion.—Pray preſent my moſt ſincere compliments to Lady H—, whoſe name I hope to inſert with many others. —As ſo many men of genius favour me with their names alſo, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume, and call him Deiſt, and what not, unleſs I have his name too.—My love to Lord W——. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours—your liſt of ſubſcribers you will ſend——'tis but a crown for ſixteen ſermons—Dog cheap! but I am in queſt of honour, not money.—Adieu, adieu, —believe me, dear Foley,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, May 25. 1765.

AT this moment I am ſitting in my ſummer houſe with my head and heart full—not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my ſermons——and your letter has drawn me out of a

penſive mood—the ſpirit of it *pleaſeth me*——But in this ſolitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myſelf——I am glad that you are in love——'twill cure you at leaſt of the ſpleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman——I myſelf muſt ever have ſome Dulcinea in my head—it harmonizes the ſoul—and in thoſe caſes I firſt endeavour to make the lady believe ſo, or rather I begin firſt to make myſelf believe that I am in love——but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, ſentimentally——"*l'amour*" (ſay they) "*n'eſt rien ſans* "*ſentiment*"—Now, notwithſtanding they make ſuch a pother about the *word*, they have no preciſe idea annex'd to it—And ſo much for that ſame ſubject called Love.——I muſt tell you how I have juſt treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking for my daughter.——Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and deſired to know what *fortune* I would give her at preſent, and how much at my *death*——by the by, I think there was very little *ſentiment* on *his ſide*—My anſwer was, "Sir, I ſhall give her ten thouſand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows——ſhe is not eighteen, you are ſixty-two——there goes five thouſand pounds—then, Sir, you at leaſt think her not ugly—ſhe has many accompliſhments, ſpeaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no inſtrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finiſhes the account of the ten thouſand pounds".—I do not ſuppoſe but he will take this as

I mean, that is—a flat refuſal.—I have had a parſonage houſe burnt down by the carleſſneſs of my curate's wife——as ſoon as I can I muſt rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at preſent—yet I am never happier than when I have not a ſhilling in my pocket—for when I have I can never call it my own. ——Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better ſpirits, for that is impoſſible. Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER LIX.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR SIR, York, July 13. 1765.

I WROTE ſome time in Spring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was ſet out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him—which poſſibly he gave you. In the hurry of your buſineſs you might forget the contents of it; and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to ſee you. I decamp for Italy in September, and ſhall ſee your face in Paris, you may be ſure——but I ſhall ſee it with more pleaſure when I am out of debt—which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpoſe.—Do ſend Mrs. Sterne her two laſt volumes of Triſtram; they arrived with yours in Spring, and ſhe complains ſhe has not

got them—My beſt ſervices to Mr. Panchaud.—I am buſy compoſing two volumes of ſermons—they will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring them with me. Your name is amongſt the liſt of a few of my honorary ſubſcribers—who ſubſcribe for love.—If you ſee Baron D'Holbach, and Diderot, preſent my reſpects to them——If the Baron wants any Engliſh books, he will let me know, and I will bring them with me—Adieu.

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, London, October 7. 1765.

IT is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a perriwig on a man's head! In ſeven days from the date of this, I ſhould be in that caſe, unleſs you tell your neighbour Madame Requiere to get her *bon mari de me faire une peruque à bourſe, au mieux—c'eſt-à-dire—une la plus extraordinaire—la plus jolie—la plus gentille—et la plus*——

——*Mais qu'importe? j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique—et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de peruques*——and in one word, that he gets it done in five days after notice—

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend, and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next poſt—If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris, my kind

love to him, and reſpects to all others—in ſad haſte——

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands ſix hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at ſight, according as either Mrs. Sterne or myſelf make it expedient.

LETTER LXI.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Beau Point Voiſin, Nov. 7. 1765.

I FORGOT to deſire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me againſt I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may ſtay at Turin, &c. &c. at preſent I am held priſoner in this town by the ſudden ſwelling of two pitiful rivulets, from the ſnows melting on the Alps—ſo that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons—for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myſelf, ſhall languiſh in this ſtate of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth ſurely know, for it rains as if they were coming together to ſettle the matter.—I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and ſupping every day at the commandant's—Lord F. W. I left there, and about a dozen Engliſh——If you ſee Lord Oſſory, Lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawford, remember me to them.——if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I

ſend him all kind wiſhes——preſent my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miſs P——; and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Turin, November 15. 1765.

AFTER many difficulties I have got here ſafe and ſound——though eight days in paſſing the mountains of Savoy.—I am ſtopped here for ten days, by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains—but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houſes already——To-morrow I am to be preſented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I ſhall have my hands full of engagements—No Engliſh here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much reſpect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and ſhall depart in peace together—My kind ſervices to all—pray forward the encloſed——

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Turin, November 28. 1765.

I AM juſt leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c.——We have ſpent a joyous

fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours—and with regret do we both bid adieu—But health on my ſide—and good ſenſe on his——ſay 'tis better to be at Rome—you ſay at Paris—but you put variety out of the queſtion—I entreat you to forward the encloſed to Mrs. Sterne—My compliments to all friends, more particularly to thoſe I moſt value (that includes Mr. F. if he is in Paris).

I am yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Florence, December 18. 1765.

I HAVE been a month paſſing the plains of Lombardy—ſtopping in my way to Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been three days in croſſing a part of the Appennines covered with thick ſnow——Sad tranſition!——I ſtay here three days to dine with our Plenipo, Lords T——d and C——r, and in five days ſhall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon.—I ſtay but fourteen days to pay theſe civilities, and then decamp for Naples.—Pray ſend the encloſed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXV.

TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAR GIRL, Naples, February 3. 1766.

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry.——Sorry am I that you are both ſo afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wiſh you both to fly from Tours, becauſe I remember it is ſituated between two rivers, la Loire, and le Cher—which muſt occaſion fogs, and damp unwholeſome weather—therefore for the ſame reaſon go not to Bourges en Breſſe—'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myſelf infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at leaſt ten years to my life by this journey to Italy——the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a ſtranger to—but truſt me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have ſome idea where you will be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable; I ſhall ever honour her—Mr. C. is a diverting companion——what he ſaid of your little French admirer was truly droll——The Marquis de —— is an impoſtor, and not worthy of your acquaintance——he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother—I deſire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may diſcharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen ſhall be yours—If fate reſerves me not that—the humane and good, part for

thy father's ſake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!—If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your ſummers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—your winters at York—you know my publications call me to London—If Mr. and Mrs. C— are ſtill at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchaſed you ſome little trifles, which I ſhall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from

Your fond father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVI.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Naples, February 5. 1766.

'Tis an age ſince I have heard from you—but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it, as I wiſh it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and ſpirits; and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, ſleek, and well-liking—not improving in ſtature, but in breadth.——We have a jolly carnival of it——nothing but operas—punchinellos—feſtinoes and maſquerades—We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dreſſing out for one this night at the Princeſs Francavivalla, which is to be ſuperb.——The Engliſh dine with her (excluſive); and ſo much for ſmall chat——except that I ſaw a little comedy acted laſt week with more expreſſion and

ſpirit and true character, than I ſhall ſee one haſtily again.——I ſtay here till the holy week, which I ſhall paſs at Rome, where I occupy myſelf a month ——My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence—and then by Leghorn to Marſeilles directly home—but am diverted from this by the repeated propoſals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and ſo by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England——'tis with Mr. E. I have known him theſe three years, and have been with him ever ſince I reach'd Rome; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it anſwer both his views and mine —at leaſt I am perſuaded we ſhall return home together as we ſet out, with friendſhip and good-will. —Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour, if it lies in your way, which I think it does——to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambaſſador (Lord Stormont at Vienna). I have not the honour to be known to his Lordſhip, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing, that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will coſt my couſin little trouble, do encloſe it in your next letter to me at Belloni.—— You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a moſt ſharp winter, if one may judge of it from the ſeverity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known, till within theſe three weeks that the ſun has been as hot as we could bear it.—Give my kind ſervices to

my friends—eſpecially to the houſehold of faith—my dear Garland—to Gilbert—to the worthy Colonel——to Cardinal S——, to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel——Dear Couſin Antony, receive my kindeſt love and wiſhes.

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Upon ſecond thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. banker at Venice.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Naples, February 8. 1766.

I DESIRE Mrs. Sterne may have what caſh ſhe wants ——if ſhe has not received it before now: ſhe ſends me word ſhe has been in want of caſh theſe three weeks—be ſo kind as to prevent this uneaſineſs to her——which is doubly ſo to me.—I have made very little uſe of your letters of credit, having ſince I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin—as much at Rome—and a few ducats here——and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I ſhall draw for little more till my return——ſo you will have always enough to ſpare for my wife.—The beginning of March be ſo kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with—

There are a good many Engliſh here, very few in Rome, or other parts of Italy.—The air of Naples

agrees very well with me—I ſhall return fat—my friendſhip to all who honour me with theirs—Adieu, my dear friend—I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Naples, February 14. 1766.

I WROTE laſt week to you, to deſire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money ſhe wanted——it may happen, as that letter went encloſed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this firſt——I have made little uſe of your letters of credit, as you will ſee by that letter, nor ſhall I want much (if any) till you ſee me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman——However, as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spaw, I ſhould be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon ſome one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis——but I am perſuaded I ſhall not want half of them—however, in caſe of ſickneſs or accidents, one would not go ſo long a route without money in one's pocket. —The bankers here are not ſo conſcientious as my friend P.; they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a letter here.——I beg your letters, &c. may be encloſed to Mr. Watſon at Venice—where we ſhall be in the Aſcenſion—I have received much benefit from the air at Naples—but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week.—There are about five-and-twenty Engliſh here—but moſt of them will be decamp'd in two months——there are ſcarce a

third of the number at Rome——I ſuppoſe therefore that Paris is full—my warmeſt wiſhes attend you.——With my love to Mr. F. and compliments to all, I am, dear Sir, very faithfully,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the houſe with me, and is juſt recovering a long and moſt cruel fit of the rheumatiſm.

LETTER LXIX.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

DEAR ANTONY, May 25. near Dijon [1766.]

My deſire of ſeeing both my wife and girl, has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious chateau of the Counteſs of M——, where I have been patriarching it theſe ſeven days with her ladyſhip, and half a dozen of very handſome and agreeable ladies—Her ladyſhip has the beſt of hearts—a valuable preſent not given to every one. To-morrow, with regret, I ſhall quit this agreeable circle, and poſt it night and day to Paris, where I ſhall arrive in two days, and juſt wind myſelf up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais——ſo I hope to ſup with you the King's birth-day, according to a plan of ſixteen days ſtanding.—Never man has been ſuch a wild-gooſe chaſe after a wife as I have been—after having ſought her in five or ſix different towns, I found her at laſt in *Franche Compté*—Poor woman! ſhe was very cordial, &c. and begs to ſtay

P. S. Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalons, but your letter will find her, I believe, at Avignon—ſhe is very poorly—and my daughter writes to me with ſad grief of heart, that ſhe is worſe.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR. S.

DEAR SIR, Coxwould, July 23. 1766

ONE might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us—we make appointments to meet, and for theſe two years have not ſeen each other's face but twice—we muſt try and do better for the future ——Having ſought you with more zeal, than C . . . . ſought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bade me purchaſe for you at Paris, I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York —but as I ſhall neither charge you the books nor the carriage, 'tis not worth talking about.——Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick—and at preſent I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume * of Triſtram ——I ſhall publiſh but one this year, and the next I ſhall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finiſhed, I ſhall continue Triſtram with freſh ſpirit. What a difference of ſcene here! But, with a diſpoſition to be happy, 'tis neither this place, nor t'other, that renders us the reverſe—In ſhort, each man's happineſs depends upon himſelf—he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me ſome

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

account of your pleaſures—you had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will ſhow, or give you (if needful), a practical doſe of my philoſophy: but I hope you do not want it—if you did, 'twould be the office of a friend to give it——Will not even our races tempt you? you ſee I uſe all arguments—— Believe me yours truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER LXXII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Conwould, September 21. 1766.

If Mrs. Sterne ſhould draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be ſo kind as to remit her the money—and pray be ſo good as not to draw upon Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing) but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin.—A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for ſix weeks, about Chriſtmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. German—I ſhould like much to be with you for ſo long—and if my wife ſhould grow worſe (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's laſt) I cannot think of her being without me—— and however expenſive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to adminiſter conſolation to both her and my poor girl——Wherever I am, believe me, dear Sir,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley; though I

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron d'Holbach—Miſs P. &c. &c.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO, TO MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR, [1766.]

IT would be an inſult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking —I am one of thoſe people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes.—The firſt part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the beſt and only ſecurity for obedience.——A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's bleſſing, truly fortunate—having ſpent it in the ſervice of one of the beſt and greateſt families in the kingdom—My chief pleaſure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongſt millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby!—— I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to ſhake hands with the honeſt Corporal.—Your ſermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth diſcourſe *, is this very affecting paſſage—— "Conſider how great a part of our ſpecies in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their diſtreſſes——Conſider ſlavery—

* See Vol. V. Ser. 10. p. 128.

what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."——Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miſerable black brethren—excepting yourſelf, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Elliſon.—I think you will forgive me; I am ſure you will applaud me for beſeeching you to give one half hour's attention to ſlavery, as it is this day practiſed in our Weſt Indies.—That ſubject handled in your ſtriking manner would eaſe the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—gracious God! what a feaſt to a benevolent heart! and ſure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.——You who are univerſally read, and as univerſally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thouſands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically obſerve) is eloquent: figure to yourſelf their attitudes; hear their ſupplicating addreſſes!—alas! you cannot refuſe.—Humanity muſt comply—in which hope I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM MR. STERNE, TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 27. 1766.

THERE is a ſtrange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world for I had been writing a tender tale of the ſorrows of a friendleſs poor negro girl, and my eyes had ſcarce done ſmarting with it, when your letter of re

commendation, in behalf of ſo many of her brethren and ſiſters, came to me——but why *her brethren?* or your, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the fineſt tints, and moſt inſenſible gradations, that nature deſcends from the faireſt face above St. James's to the footieſt complexion in Africa:—at which tint of theſe is it, that the ties of blood are to ceaſe? and how many ſhades muſt we deſcend lower ſtill in the ſcale, ere mercy is to vaniſh with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to uſe the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em ſo.—For my own part, I never look *weſtward* (when I am in a penſive mood at leaſt) but I think on the burdens which our brothers and ſiſters are *there* carrying; and could I eaſe their ſhoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would ſet out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their ſakes—which by the by, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the ſame proportion that a viſit of humanity ſhould one of mere form.—However, if you meant my uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.—If I can wave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the ſervice of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for in ſerious truth, it caſts a ſad ſhade upon the world, that ſo great a part of it are, and have been ſo long bound in chains of darkneſs, and in chains of miſery; and I cannot but both reſpect and felicitate you, that by ſo much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of ſo good and merciful a family, Providence has reſcued you from the other.

And ſo, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, December 20. 1766.

THANKS, my dear W. for your letter.—I am juſt preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town—I have drained my ink-ſtandiſh to the bottom, and after I have publiſhed, ſhall ſet my face not towards Jeruſalem, but towards the Alps ——I find I muſt once more fly from death whilſt I have ſtrength—I ſhall go to Naples, and ſee whether the air of that place will not ſet this poor frame to rights—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myſelf——and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion) I am ſure it would be unpleaſurable—— Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being,—I ſhall ſpend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return—ſo ſhall be back by the King's birth-day—what a project!—and now, my dear friend, am I going to York, not for the ſake of ſociety——nor to walk by the ſide of the muddy Ouſe, but to recruit myſelf of the moſt violent ſpitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; becauſe I had rather (in caſe 'tis ordained ſo) die there, than in a poſt-chaiſe on the road.—If

the amour of my uncle Toby do not pleaſe you, I am miſtaken——and ſo with a droll ſtory I will finiſh this letter——A ſenſible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I ſpent ſome hours in converſation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours)—The latter aſked him how he did? why, ill, very ill——I have been with Sterne, who has given me ſuch a doſe of *Attic ſalt*, that I am in a fever—Attic ſalt, Sir, Attic ſalt! I have Glauber ſalt——I have Epſom ſalt in my ſhop, &c.——Oh! I ſuppoſe 'tis ſome French ſalt—I wonder you would truſt his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himſelf.—I fancy I ſee you ſmile.—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there——and ſhall enjoy myſelf a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the reſt of the joyous ſet. As to the females—no, I will not ſay a word about them—only I hate borrowed characters, taken up (as a woman does her ſhift) for the purpoſe ſhe intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu—I am yours whilſt

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR P. London, February 15. 1767.

I PAID yeſterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds, I forget which, to Mr. Selwin—But you muſt remit to Mrs. Sterne at Marſeilles a hundred louis before ſhe leaves that place, which will be in leſs than three weeks. Have you got the ninth vo-

lume of Shandy * ?——'tis liked the beſt of all here. ——I am going to publiſh a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy—the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our nobleſſe—'tis ſubſcribed for at a great rate—'twill be an original—in large quarto—the ſubſcription half a guinea. men of ſcience, or faſhion, I ſhall thank you—they If you can procure me the honour of a few names of will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almoſt have honoured me with their names.——My kindeſt remembrance to Mr. Foley—Reſpects to Baron d'Holbach—and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MISS STERNE.

Old Bond-ſtreet, February 23. 1767.

AND ſo, my Lydia! thy mother and thyſelf are returning back again from Marſeilles to the banks of the Sorgue——and there thou wilt ſit and fiſh for trouts—I envy you the ſweet ſituation.——Petrarch's tomb I ſhould like to pay a ſentimental viſit to—the Fountain of Vaucluſe, by thy deſcription, muſt be delightful—I am alſo much pleaſed with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade—you find great comfort in ſuch a neighbour——I am glad he is ſo good as to correct thy tranſlations on my ſermons.—dear girl, go on, and make me a preſent of thy work —but why not the Houſe of Mourning? 'tis one of the beſt. I long to receive the life of Petrarch, and

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

his Laura, by your Abbé; but I am out of all patience with the anſwer the Marquis made the Abbé —'twas truly coarſe, and I wonder he bore it with any chriſtian patience—But to the ſubject of your letter—I do not wiſh to know who was the buſy fool, who made your mother uneaſy about Mrs. ——; 'tis true I have a friendſhip for her, but not to infatuation—I believe I have judgment enough to diſcern her's and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her anſwer—— "that ſhe wiſhed not to "be informed, and begged him to drop the ſubject." ——Why do you ſay that your mother wants money?——whilſt I have a ſhilling, ſhall you not both have ninepence out of it?—I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours. I ſhall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould—I have laid a plan for ſomething new, quite out of the beaten track—I wiſh I had you with me—and I would introduce you to one of the moſt amible and gentleſt of beings, whom I have juſt been with—not Mrs. ——, but a Mrs. J. the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with——I eſteem them both. He poſſeſſes every manly virtue—honour and bravery are his characteriſtics, which have diſtinguiſhed him nobly in ſeveral inſtances—I ſhall make you better acquainted with his character, by ſending Orme's Hiſtory, with the books you deſired——and it is well worthy your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a juſt one; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth.—Mrs J—— is kind—and friendly—of a ſentimental turn of mind —and ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that ſhe is too good for

the world ſhe lives in——Juſt GOD! if all were like her, what a life would this be!—Heaven, my Lydia, for ſome wiſe purpoſe has created different beings——I wiſh my dear child knew her——thou art worthy of her friendſhip, and ſhe already loves thee; for I ſometimes tell her what I feel for thee.—This is a long letter———Write ſoon, and never let your letters be ſtudied ones——write naturally, and then you will write well. I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague—I have ſent her ſome of Huxham's tincture of the bark. I will order you a guitar, ſince the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, London, February 27. 1767.

MY daughter begs a preſent of me, and you muſt know I can deny her nothing——It muſt be ſtrung with cat-gut, and of five chords—*ſic hiama in Italiano la chitera de cinque chorde*—ſhe cannot get ſuch a thing at Marſeilles——at Paris one may have every thing—Will you be ſo good to my girl, as to make her happy in this affair, by getting ſome muſical body to buy one, and ſend it her to Avignon directed to Monſieur Teſte!——I wrote laſt week to deſire you would remit Mrs. S. a hundred louis —'twill be all, except the guitar, I ſhall owe you—Send me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin

—direct to me at Mr. Becket's—all kind reſpects to my friend Mr. F. and your ſiſter.

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXI*.

TO ELIZA†.

ELIZA will receive my books with this. The ſermons came all hot from the heart: I wiſh that I

* This and the nine following letters have no dates to them, but were evidently written in the months of March and April 1767. They are therefore here placed together.

† The editor of the firſt publication of Mr. Sterne's Letters to Eliza, gives the following account of this Lady: "Mrs Elizabeth "Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Eſq. counſeller at Bombay, and "at preſent (i. e. 1775) chief of the factory at Surat, a gentleman "very much reſpected in that quarter of the globe.—She is by "birth an Eaſt Indian: but the circumſtance of being born in the "country, not proving ſufficient to defend her delicate frame a-"gainſt the heats of that burning climate, ſhe came to England "for the recovery of her health, when by accident ſhe became ac-"quainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately diſcovered in her "a mind ſo congenial with his own, ſo enlightened, ſo refined, and "ſo tender, that their mutual attraction preſently joined them in "the cloſeſt union that purity could poſſibly admit of. He loved "her as his friend and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns "became preſently his; her health, her circumſtances, her reputa-"tion, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, "were at her diſpoſal, ſo far as the ſacrifice of all or any of theſe "might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happineſs. If it is "aſked, whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never "tranſported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure Platoniſm, "the publiſher will not take upon him abſolutely to deny it; but "this he thinks, ſo far from leaving any ſtain upon that Gentle-"man's memory, that it perhaps includes his faireſt encomium; "ſince to cheriſh the ſeeds of piety and chaſtity in a heart which

could give them any title to be offered to yours.—The others came from the head.—I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly ſo; for I never valued (or ſaw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your ſex than of you; ſo adieu,

Yours faithfully, if not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

I CANNOT reſt, Eliza, though I ſhall call on you at half paſt twelve, till I know how you do—May thy dear face ſmile, as thou riſeſt, like the ſun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indiſpoſition yeſterday; and diſappointed too, at not being let in.——Remember my dear, that a friend has the ſame right as a phyſician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll ſay) ſay otherwiſe—No

" the paſſions are intereſted to corrupt, muſt be allowed to be the " nobleſt effort of a ſoul fraught and fortified with the juſteſt ſen- " timents of religion and virtue."

After reading theſe letters, the curioſity of the public will be naturally excited to inquire concerning the fate of the lady to whom they were addreſſed. To this queſtion it will be ſufficient to anſwer, That ſhe hath been dead ſome years, and that it might give pain to many worthy perſons if the circumſtances which attended the latter part of her life were diſcloſed, as they are generally ſaid to have reflected no credit on either her prudence or diſcretion.

matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always conſiſt in obſerving their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfaſt, but ſhall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a ſingle line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to ſee thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I GOT thy letter laſt night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurſt's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermiſſion) with ſo much pleaſure and attention, that the good old Lord toaſted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, ſays he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian diſciple, and to ſee her eclipſe all other nabobeſſes as much in wealth, as ſhe does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope ſo too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.——You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had thoſe of the laſt century, Addiſon, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.——The manner in which his notice began of me, was as ſingular as it was polite.——He came up to me one day, as I was at the Princeſs of Wales's court. "I "want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you "ſhould know, alſo, who it is that wiſhes this plea"ſure. You have heard, continued he, of an old

" Lord Bathurſt, of whom your Popes and Swifts
" have ſung and ſpoken ſo much: I have lived my
" life with geniuſes of that caſt; but have ſurvived
" them; and deſpairing ever to find their equals, it
" is ſome years ſince I have cloſed my accounts, and
" ſhut up my books, with thoughts of never open-
" ing them again; but you have kindled a deſire in
" me of opening them once more before I die;
" which I now do; ſo go home and dine with me;"
—This nobleman, I ſay, is a prodigy; for at eighty-
five he has all the wit and promptneſs of a man of
thirty. A diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and a power to
pleaſe others beyond whatever I knew: added to
which, a man of learning, courteſy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon
ſatisfaction;——for there was only a third perſon,
and of ſenſibility with us.—And a moſt ſentimental
afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we paſſed! But
thou, Eliza, wert the ſtar that conducted and enli-
ven'd the diſcourſe.—And when I talked not of thee,
ſtill didſt thou fill my mind, and warmed every
thought I uttered, for I am not aſhamed to acknow-
ledge I greatly miſs thee.——Beſt of all good girls!
the ſufferings I have ſuſtained the whole night on
account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of
words.—Aſſuredly does Heaven give ſtrength pro-
portioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou haſt
been bowed down, my child, with every burden that
ſorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon
a poor being; and ſtill thou telleſt me, thou art be-
ginning to get eaſe;—thy fever gone, thy ſickneſs,
the pain in thy ſide vaniſhing alſo.—May every evil

ſo vaniſh that thwarts Eliza's happineſs, or but awakens thy fears for a moment! Fear nothing, my dear! Hope every thing; and the balm of this paſſion will ſhed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a ſpring of youth and cheerfulneſs, more than thou haſt hardly yet taſted.

And ſo thou haſt fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing deſk; and wilt conſult it in all doubts and difficulties——Grateful and good girl! Yorick ſmiles contentedly over all thou doſt; his picture does not do juſtice to his own complacency.

Thy ſweet little plan and diſtribution of thy time ——how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leaveſt me nothing to direct thee in; thou leaveſt me nothing to require, nothing to aſk—but a continuation of that conduct which won my eſteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roſes come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But truſt my declaration, Eliza, that thy huſband (if he is the good feeling man I wiſh him) will preſs thee to him with more honeſt warmth and affection, and kiſs thy pale, poor, dejected face with more tranſport than he would be able to do, in the beſt bloom of all thy beauty; —and ſo he ought, or I pity him. He muſt have ſtrange feelings, if he knows not the value of ſuch a creature as thou art!

I am glad Miſs Light * goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad

* Miſs Light afterwards married George Straton, Eſq. late in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company at Madras. She is ſince dead.

your ſhipmates are friendly beings. You could leaſt diſpenſe with what is contrary to your own nature, which is ſoft and gentle, Eliza.——It would civilize ſavages.——Though pity were it thou ſhouldſt be tainted with the office! How canſt thou make apologies for thy laſt letter? 'tis moſt delicious to me, for the very reaſon you excuſe it. Write to me, my child, only ſuch. Let them ſpeak the eaſy careleſſneſs of a heart that opens itſelf, and how, and every how, to a man you ought to eſteem and truſt. Such Eliza, I write to thee,—and ſo I ſhould ever live with thee, moſt artleſsly, moſt affectionately, if Providence permitted thy reſidence in the ſame ſection of the globe:—for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

THY BRAMIN.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

I WRITE this, Eliza, as Mr. James's, whilſt he is dreſſing, and the dear girl his wife, is writing, beſide me to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we ſat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear ſo piteous an account of thy ſickneſs! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear it will ſink thy poor ſoul, and body with it, paſt recovery—Heaven ſupply thee with fortitude! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy ſweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James and thy Bramin, have mixed their tears a hundred times, in ſpeaking of thy hardſhips, thy goodneſs, thy graces.

——The ****'s by heavens are worthleſs! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them (or ſuffer them to leave you rather) with impreſſions the leaſt favourable? I have told thee enough, to plant diſguſt againſt their treachery to thee, to the laſt hour of thy life! Yet ſtill thou toldeſt Mrs. James at laſt, that thou believeſt they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her eaſe of mind, have ſaved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baſeneſs.——For GOD's ſake, write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with ſuch polluted hearts—*They* love thee; What proof? Is it their actions that ſay ſo! or their zeal for thoſe attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderneſs for thy fame? No—— But they *weep*, and ſay *tender things*.——Adieu to all ſuch for ever. Mrs. James's honeſt heart revolts againſt the idea of ever returning them one viſit.—I honour her, and I honour thee, for almoſt every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which ariſes only out of that fund of affection I have, and ſhall preſerve for thee to the hour of my death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually adviſing thee? think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cauſe I have mentioned! I think you are a very deſerving woman; and that you want nothing but firmneſs, and a better opinion of yourſelf, to be the beſt female character I know. I wiſh I could inſpire you with a ſhare of that vanity

your enemies lay to your charge (though to me it has never been viſible); becauſe I think, in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably ſhall never ſee you more; yet I flatter myſelf you'll ſometimes think of me with pleaſure; becauſe you muſt be convinced I love you, and ſo intereſt myſelf in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourſelf. I had not power to keep this remonſtrance in my breaſt.—'tis now out; ſo adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine,

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

To whom ſhould Eliza apply in her diſtreſs, but to her friend who loves her? why then, my dear, do you apologize for her emyloying me? Yorick would be offended, and with reaſon, if you ever ſent commiſſions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; and your piano forté muſt be tuned from the braſs middle ſtring of your guitar; which is C.——I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of pliers to twiſt your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate ſweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handſome braſs ſcrews, to hang your neceſſaries upon: I purchaſed twelve; but ſtole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin at Coxwould—I ſhall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I ſhall think of you.

I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron ſcrews, which are more to be depended on than braſs, for the globes.

I have written alſo to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had deſpatched theſe in a packet, directed to his care; which I deſired he would ſeek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what ſort of an arm chair you would want, and have directed him to purchaſe the beſt that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the firſt boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, ſo ſupply all thy wants, and all thy wiſhes! It would be a ſtate of happineſs to me. The journal is as it ſhould be—all but its contents. Poor, dear patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I loſe both firmneſs and philoſophy, as I figure to myſelf your diſtreſſes. Do not think I ſpoke laſt night with too much aſperity of ****; there was cauſe; and beſides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot. But, adieu to the ungrateful ſubject.

I have been this morning to ſee Mrs. James—She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly.—She is alarmed for thee—She ſays thou lookedſt moſt ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I ſhall viſit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my laſt letter, I earneſtly bid thee farewell.——May the GOD of Kindneſs be kind to thee, and approve himſelf thy protector, now thou art defenceleſs! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever meaſure of ſorrow and diſtreſs is thy portion, it will be repaid

to thee in a full meaſure of happineſs, by the Being thou haſt wiſely choſen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza! whilſt I live, count upon me as the moſt warm and diſintereſted of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST ELIZA!

I BEGAN a new journal this morning; you ſhall ſee it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a ſorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they ſhould be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving ſomething of the kind by every poſt; till then, thou waveſt thy hand, and bid'ſt me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what ſort of fortitude Heaven inſpires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon ſeeing me at Deal, with the James's, ſhould you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I ſhould with pleaſure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any ſervice, or doing you kindneſs. Gracious and merciful GOD; conſider the anguiſh of a poor girl.——Strengthen and preſerve her in all the ſhocks her frame muſt be expoſed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her

from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the laſt.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the ſky ſeems to ſmile upon me, as I look up to it. I am juſt returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.——She has got your picture, and likes it: but Mariot and ſome other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expreſſive of a ſweeter character—But what is that to the original! Yet I acknowledge that her's is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to pleaſe a very ſincere friend, or ſentimental philoſopher.—In the one, you are dreſſed in ſmiles, and with all the advantages of ſilks, pearls, and ermine;——in the other, ſimple as a veſtal——appearing the good girl nature made you;——which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected ſweetneſs, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conqueſt, in a birth-day ſuit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples viſible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your perſon into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you ſat for Mrs. James——Your colour, too, brightened, and your eyes ſhone with more than uſual brilliancy. I then requeſted you to come ſimple and unadorned when you ſat for me—knowing (as I ſee with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the ſilk-worm's aid, or jeweller's poliſh. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before.—When I firſt ſaw you, I beheld you as an object of compaſſion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dreſs

(though faſhionable) disfigured you.——But nothing now could render you ſuch, but the being ſolicitous to make yourſelf admired as a handſome one.—You are not handſome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will pleaſe the tenth part of your beholders,—but are ſomething more; for I ſcruple not to tell you, I never ſaw ſo intelligent, ſo animated, ſo good a countenance; nor was there (nor ever will be) that man of ſenſe, tenderneſs, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in conſequence of it; that is, if you aſſume, or aſſumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artleſs being nature deſigned you for. A ſomething in your eyes, and voice, you poſſeſs in a degree more perſuaſive than any woman I ever ſaw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching ſort of nameleſs excellence, that men of nice ſenſibility alone can be touched with.

Were your huſband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchaſe the acquiſition) to let you only ſit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am ſure the work would ſell ſo much the better for it, that I ſhould be reimburſed the ſum more than ſeven times told.—I would not give ninepence for the picture of you the Newnhams have got executed—It is the reſemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the ſhape of your face (the latter the moſt perfect oval I ever ſaw) which are perfections that muſt ſtrike the moſt indifferent judge, becauſe they are equal to any of GOD'S works in a ſimilar way, and finer than

any I beheld in all my travels, are manifeſtly injured by the affected leer of the one, and ſtrange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artiſt's, or your friend's falſe taſte. The ****'s who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or ſticking like pitch, or birdlime, ſent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday.—She ſent back, that ſhe was engaged. ——Then to meet at Ranelagh, to-night.——She anſwered, ſhe did not go.—She ſays, if ſhe allows the leaſt footing, ſhe never ſhall get rid of the acquaintance; which ſhe is reſolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the firſt uſe they would make of being with her, would be to ſacrifice you to her (if they could) a ſecond time. Let her not then, let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyſelf. She begs I will reiterate my requeſt to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpreſſible pain. Be aſſured, all this is not without reaſon on her ſide. I have my reaſons too; the firſt of which is, that I ſhould grieve to exceſs, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built ſo high upon. I ſaid I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I had not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I ſhould not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou beſt and moſt endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My ſpirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

I THINK you could act no otherwiſe than you did with the young ſoldier. There was no ſhutting the door againſt him, either in politeneſs or humanity. Thou telleſt me he ſeems ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions; and that before Miſs Light has ſailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her. Now I think it a thouſand times more likely that he attaches himſelf to thee, Eliza; becauſe thou art a thouſand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza; and in the ſame room; and an amorous ſon of Mars beſides!—"*It can no be maſſer.*" The ſun, if he could avoid it, would not ſhine upon a dunghill; but his rays are ſo pure, Eliza, and celeſtial,——I never heard that they were polluted by it.—Juſt ſuch will thine be, deareſt child, in this, and every ſuch ſituation you will be expoſed to, till thou art fixed for life.——But thy diſcretion, thy wiſdom, thy honour, the ſpirit of thy Yorick, and thy own ſpirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ableſt counſellors.

Surely, by this time, ſomething is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean waſhing and rubbing do inſtead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung; Paint is ſo pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you ſo much longer too, out of your apartment; where I hope, you will paſs ſome of your happieſt hours.——

I fear the beſt of your ſhipmates are only genteel

by compariſon with the contraſted crew, with which thou muſt behold them. So was—you know who! ——from the ſame fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and diſtant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more I rejoice;——thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inſpire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial. Beſt of GOD's work's, farewell! Love me, I beſeech thee; and remember me for ever!

I am, my Eliza, and ever will be, in the moſt comprehenſive ſenſe,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by ſome Dutch or French ſhip, or from the Cape de Verd Iſlands——it will reach me ſomehow.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

OH! I grieve for your cabin.—And the freſh painting will be enough to deſtroy every nerve about thee. Nothing ſo pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourſelf, dear girl; and ſleep not in it too ſoon. It will be enough to give you a ſtroke of an

epilepſy. I hope you will have left the ſhip; and that my letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your poſt-chaiſe, at Deal.—When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into ſome order. ——The firſt eight or nine are numbered: but I wrote the reſt without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, ſew them together under a cover. I truſt they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and unintereſting diſcourſe) retire, and converſe an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a ſingle ſtroke of wit or humour; but they contain ſomething better; and what you will feel more ſuited to your ſituation—— a long detail of much advice, truth and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive looſe touches of an honeſt heart, in every one of them; and will give thee more ground of truſt and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could ſupply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, diſtreſs, anguiſh, and ſhame, "be my portion, if ever I give thee reaſon to repent "the knowledge of me!"——With this aſſeveration, made in the preſence of a juſt GOD, I pray to him, that ſo it may ſpeed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee! I would not miſlead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the

opinion of a ſingle individual, for the richeſt crown the proudeſt monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may ſtyle, and think, yours. ——Though ſorry ſhould I be, if ever my friendſhip was put to the teſt thus, for your own delicacy's ſake.—Money and counters are of equal uſe, in my opinion; they both ſerve to ſet up with.

I hope you will anſwer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is ſuch a one as thou would'ſt have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happineſs, and health, and comforts of every kind, fail along with thee, thou moſt worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the dear children of my heart——gain wiſdom, gain fame, and happineſs, to ſhare with them——with thee——and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu.——Preſerve thy life, ſteadily purſue the ends we propoſed; and let nothing rob thee of thoſe powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the laſt poſtman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myſelf to Heaven with thee, in the ſame fervent ejaculation, "That we may be happy, and "meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlaſtingly.

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was poſſible to poſtpone the voyage to India for another year.—For I am firmly perſuaded within my own heart, that thy huſband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B—— has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is abſolutely killing.—Should evil befal thee, what will he not have to anſwer for? I know not the being that will be deſerving of ſo much pity, or that I ſhall hate more. He will be an outcaſt alien——In which caſe I will be a father to thy children, my good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.—

But, Eliza, if thou art ſo very ill, ſtill put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your huſband—tell him the truth of your caſe.—If he is the generous, humane man you deſcribe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.——I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England ariſes only from the dread, which has entered his brain, that thou mayeſt run him in debt beyond thy appointments, and that he muſt diſcharge them—That ſuch a creature ſhould be ſacrificed for the paltry conſideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! Oh! my child! that I could, with propriety, indemnify him for every charge, even to the laſt mite, that thou haſt been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole ſubſtance—

nay, ſequeſter my livings, and truſt the treaſures Heaven has furniſhed my head with, for a future ſubſiſtence.——

You owe much, I allow, to your huſband,—you owe ſomething to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but, truſt me, my dear, you owe much likewiſe to yourſelf.—Return, therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill.—I will preſcribe for you, gratis. ——You are not the firſt woman, by many, I have done ſo for, with ſucceſs. I will ſend for my wife and daughter, and they ſhall carry you in purſuit of health, to Montpellier, the wells of Bancois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou ſhalt direct them and make parties of pleaſure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We ſhall fiſh upon the banks of Arno, and loſe ourſelves in the ſweet labyrinths of its valleys.—And then thou ſhouldeſt warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee, —" I'm loſt, I'm loſt"—but we ſhould find thee, again, my Eliza.——Of a ſimilar nature to this, was your phyſician's preſcription! " Uſe gentle exerciſe, " the pure ſouthern air of France, or milder Naples " ——with the ſociety of friendly, gentle beings." Senſible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whoſe ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you muſt truſt to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health ſo enthuſiaſtic a votary to the charming goddeſs deſerves!

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping ſecret ſome things, which, if explained, had been a panegyric

on yourſelf.—There is a dignity in venerable affliction, which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redreſs. Well have you ſupported that character, my amiable, philoſophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow.—I don't mean to inſinuate, huſſey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it poſſible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious.—I am ſure, while I have my reaſon, it is not.—Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are ſuch, do not think of giving yourſelf to ſome wealthy nabob—becauſe I deſign to marry you myſelf——My wife cannot live long—ſhe has ſold all the provinces in France already——and I know not the woman I ſhould like ſo well for her ſubſtitute as yourſelf.—'Tis true, I am ninety-five in conſtitution, and you but twenty-five——rather too great a diſparity this!——but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humour.—Not Swift ſo loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sachariſſa, as I will love and ſing thee, my wife elect! All thoſe names, eminent as they were, ſhall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me, in anſwer to this, that you approve and honour the propoſal, and that you would (like the Spectator's miſtreſs) have more joy in putting on an old man's ſlipper, than aſſociating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.——Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death. —I was ill the laſt time I wrote to you, and apprehenſive of what would be the conſequence.—My fears were but too well founded; for, in ten minutes after I diſpatched my letter, this poor, fine ſpun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a veſſel in my breaſt, and could not ſtop the loſs of blood, till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it—It came, I think, from my heart! I fell aſleep through weakneſs. At ſix I awoke, with the boſom of my ſhirt ſteeped in tears. I dreamt I was ſitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou cameſt into the room, with a ſhaul in thy hand, and told me, my ſpirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to adminiſter what conſolation filial affection could beſtow, and to receive my parting breath and bleſſing.—With that you folded the ſhaul about my waiſt, and, kneeling, ſupplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! "But thou wilt number my tears, and put "them all into thy bottle."—Dear girl! I ſee thee, —thou art for ever preſent to my fancy,—embracing my feeble knees, and raiſing thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Eſau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my

ears—" Bleſs *me* even alſo, my father!"——Bleſſings attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite ſtopped, and I feel the principle of life ſtrong within me: ſo be not alarmed, Eliza——I know I ſhall do well. I have ate my breakfaſt with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleaſure ariſing from that prophetic impreſſion in my imagination, that " all will terminate to our hearts " content." Comfort thyſelf eternally with this perſuaſion, that " the beſt of beings (as thou haſt ſweet- " ly expreſſed it) could not, by a combination of ac- " cidents, produce ſuch a chain of events, merely " to be the ſource of miſery to the leading perſon " engaged in them." The obſervation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expreſſed. I wiſh my memory did juſtice to the wording of it.—Who taught you the art of writing ſo ſweely, Eliza?——You have abſolutely exalted it to a ſcience!——When I am in want of ready caſh, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itſelf, I ſhall print your letters, as finiſhed eſſays, " by an unfortunate Indian lady." The ſtyle is new, and would almoſt be a ſufficient recommendation for their ſelling well, without merit—but their ſenſe, natural eaſe, and ſpirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this ſection of the globe; nor, I will anſwer for it, by any of your country-women in yours—I have ſhown your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town——You ſhall not be angry with me for it, becauſe I meant to do you honour by it.——You cannot imagine how many admirers your epiſtolary productions have gained you, that never view-

ed your external merits. I only wonder where thou couldſt acquire thy graces, thy goodneſs, thy accompliſhments—ſo connected? ſo educated! Nature has ſurely ſtudied to make thee her peculiar care——for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the beſt and faireſt of all her works.

And ſo this is the laſt letter thou art to receive from me; becauſe the Earl of Chatham * (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs; and the wind, I find is fair. If ſo—bleſſed woman! take my laſt, laſt farewell!——Cheriſh the remembrance of me; think how I eſteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I ſet upon thee! Adieu, adieu; and with my adieu——let me give thee one ſtraight rule of conduct, that thou haſt heard from my lips in a thouſand forms—but I concentre it in one word,

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more, Eliza! May no anguiſh of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubts or miſgivings diſturb the ſerenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's——and Yorick is thy friend for ever!—Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P. S. Remember, that hope ſhortens all journeys, by ſweetening them—ſo ſing my little ſtanza on the ſubject with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou ariſeſt, and thou wilt eat thy breakfaſt with more comfort for it.

* By the Newſpapers of the times, it appears that the *Earl of Chatham* Eaſt Indiaman ſailed from Deal, April 3. 1767.

Bleſſings reſt, and Hygeia go with thee! May'ſt thou ſoon return, in peace and affluence, to illume my night! I am, and ſhall be, the laſt to deplore thy loſs, and will be the firſt to congratulate and hail thy return.—

FARE THEE WELL!

LETTER XCI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Bond Street, April 9. 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining ſtrokes of humour in it——I cannot be cheerful when a thouſand melancholy ideas ſurround me——I have met with a loſs of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner——but what is that loſs in compariſon of one I may experience?——Friendſhip is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth ſuſtaining.—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyſelf at a diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a deſtitution?——for GOD'S ſake, perſuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too ſhort to waſte in ſeparation——and whilſt ſhe lives in one country, and I in another, many people will ſuppoſe it proceeds from choice—beſides, I want thee near me thou child and darling of my heart! I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will ſmart with weeping, when I tell her the cauſe that now affects me.—I am apprehenſive the dear

friend I mentioned in my laſt letter is going into a decline——I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being ſo altered—ſhe has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roſes are fled from her cheeks—I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable woman without burſting into tears——I have a thouſand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole ſex, if not all the world put together——She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few poſſeſs—our converſations are of the moſt intereſting nature, and ſhe talks to me of quitting this world, with more compoſure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I ſend thee a copy—'Tis expreſſive of her modeſt worth—but may Heaven reſtore her! and may ſhe live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly ſhow
An idle ſcene of decorated woe.
The ſweet companion, and the friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to ſhine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a herſe like thine.
'Twill flow whilſt gentle goodneſs has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee moſt truly—So adieu——I am what I ever was, and hope ever ſhall be,

Thy affectionate father,

L. S.

As to Mr. ——, by your deſcription he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to ſuch

a being—Send me ſome *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

LETTER XCII.

TO LADY P.

Mount Coffeehouſe, Tueſday, 3 o'clock.

THERE is a ſtrange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a ſtone-caſt of the lady who engroſſes the heart and ſoul of an inamorato—For this cauſe (but moſtly becauſe I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Triſtram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffeehouſe the neareſt I could find to my dear Lady ——'s houſe, and have called for a ſheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed—Now for it——

O my dear lady, what a diſhclout of a ſoul haſt thou made of me!—I think, by the by, this is a little too familiar an introduction for ſo unfamiliar a ſituation as I ſtand in with you——where heaven knows I am kept at a diſtance—and deſpair of getting one inch nearer you——with all the ſteps and windings I can think of to recommend myſelf to you—Would not any man in his ſenſes run diametrically from you—and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus cauſeleſsly, fooliſhly, and foolhardily expoſe himſelf afreſh——and afreſh, where his heart and his reaſon tells him he ſhall be ſure to come off loſer, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to ſee me?—Does it give you pleaſure to make me more unhappy—or

does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the reſt of the town is courting as a wit?—I am a fool—the weakeſt, the moſt ductile, the moſt tender fool that ever woman tried the weakneſs of—and the moſt unſettled in my purpoſes and reſolutions of recovering my right mind.—It is but an hour ago, that I kneeled down and ſwore I never would come near you—and after ſaying my Lord's Prayer for the ſake of the cloſe, *of not being led into temptation*—out I ſallied like any Chriſtian hero, ready to take the field againſt the world, the fleſh, and the devil; not doubting but I ſhould finally trample them all down under my feet—And now I am got ſo near you—within this vile ſtone's caſt of your houſe—I feel myſelf drawn in to a vortex, that has turned my brain upſide downwards; and though I had purchaſed a box ticket to carry me to Miſs *******'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a ſingle line directed to me to let me know Lady ——— would be alone at ſeven, and ſuffer me to ſpend the evening with her, ſhe would infallibly ſee every thing verified I have told her.—I dine at Mr. C——r's in Wigmore Street, in this neighbourhood, where I ſhall ſtay till ſeven, in hopes you purpoſe to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I ſhall conclude you are better diſpoſed of—and ſhall take a ſorry hack, and ſorrily jog on to the play——Curſe on the word. I know nothing but ſorry——except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps fooliſhly, but)

Moſt ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Old Bond Street, April 21. 1767.

I AM ſincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J——, by your friendly inquiry, and the intereſt you are ſo good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myſelf, having paſſed a bad night in much feveriſh agitation.—My phyſician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein till ſome favourable change——I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings——he ſays it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on ſo cold a day as Sunday——but he is miſtaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name muſt have efficacy with me—I was bled yeſterday, and again today, and have been almoſt dead; but this friendly inquiry from Gerrard Street has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope ſtill, and (next to the ſenſe of what I owe my friends) it ſhall be the laſt pleaſurable ſenſation I will part with——if I continue mending, it will yet be ſome time before I ſhall have ſtrength enough to get out in a carriage—my firſt viſit will be a viſit of true gratitude——I leave my kind friends to gueſs where—a thouſand bleſſings go along with this, and may Heaven preſerve you both—Adieu, my dear Sir, and dear lady.

I am your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIV.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Bond Street, Saturday [April 25.] 1767.

I WAS very ſorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courteſy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my liſt of ſubſcribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks.——But you have ſomething to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will alſo on this account, and that is, to ſend me the ſubſcription money, which I find a neceſſity of dunning my beſt friends for before I leave town——to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very ſlender talents), and collecting them (for which I have neither ſtrength of body or mind); and ſo, good Sancho, dun the Duke of M. the Ducheſs of M. and Lord M. for their ſubſcriptions, and lay the ſin, and money with it too, at my door—I wiſh ſo good a family every bleſſing they merit, along with my humbleſt compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and wellwiſher.

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning—and ſhould on Thurſday, but that I ſtay to dine with Lord and Lady S——.

LETTER XCV.

TO THE EARL OF S——.

MY LORD, Old Bond Street, May 1. 1767.

I WAS yeſterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindneſs of Lord and Lady S—, who have made a party to dine and ſup on my account——I am impatient to ſet out for my ſolitude, for there the mind gains ſtrength, and learns to lean upon herſelf —In the world it ſeeks or accepts of a few treacherous ſupports——the feigned compaſſion of one—the flattery of a ſecond—the civilities of a third—the friendſhip of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received ſuch numberleſs and unmerited civilities from your Lordſhip, without returning my moſt grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgements for your friendly inquiry from Bath. Illneſs, my Lord, has occaſioned my ſilence—Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him—the call was both unexpected and unpleaſant—and I am ſeriouſly worn down to a ſhadow——and ſtill very weak;——but weak as I am, I have as whimſical a ſtory to tell you as ever befel one of my family——Shandy's noſe, his name, his ſaſh-window, are fools to it—it will ſerve at leaſt to amuſe you——The injury I did myſelf laſt month in catching cold upon James's powder—fell, you muſt

know, upon the worſt part it could—the moſt painful, and moſt dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this criſis I called in an able ſurgeon, and with him an able phyſician (both my friends) to inſpect my diſaſter——'Tis a venereal caſe, cried my two ſcientific friends—'Tis impoſſible, however, to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the ſex, not even with my wife, added I, theſe fifteen years.——You are, however, my good friend, ſaid the ſurgeon, or there is no ſuch caſe in the world——What the devil, ſaid I, without knowing woman?—We will not reaſon about it, ſaid the phyſician, but you muſt undergo a courſe of mercury ——I will loſe my life firſt, ſaid I—and truſt to nature, to time, or at the worſt to death——So I put an end, with ſome indignation, to the conference—— and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than ſubmit to be treated like a *ſinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *ſaint*.—Now, as the father of miſchief would have it, who has no pleaſure like that of diſhonouring the righteous, it ſo fell out that from the moment I diſmiſſed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expreſſed, or ſupported. Every hour became more intolerable.——I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up ſo near dead, that my friends inſiſted upon my ſending again for my phyſician and ſurgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both miſtaken as to my caſe—but though they had reaſoned wrong, they might act right; but that, ſharp as my ſufferings were, I felt them not ſo ſharp

as the imputation which a veneral treatment of my caſe laid me under——They anſwered, that theſe taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years; but they would not reaſon with me in a point wherein I was ſo delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely, to put an end to my torment, which otherwiſe would put an end to me——and ſo I have been compelled to ſurrender myſelf—and thus, my dear Lord, has your poor friend, with all his ſenſibilities, been ſuffering the chaſtiſement of the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt.—Was it not as ridiculous an embarraſſment as ever Yorick's ſpirit was involved in?——Nothing but the pureſt conſcience of innocence could have tempted me to write this ſtory to my wife, which by the by would make no bad anecdote in Triſtram Shandy's Life.——I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. ——. In ſome reſpects there is no difference between my wife and herſelf—when they fare alike, neither can reaſonably complain—I have juſt received letters from France, with ſome hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England to pay me a viſit—If your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himſelf he ſhall receive a letter from your lordſhip, *en attendant*. I am with the greateſt regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful and humble ſervant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVI.

TO J. D——N, ESQ.

Old Bond-ſtreet, Friday morning.

I WAS going my dear D——n, to bed before I received your kind inquiry, and now my chaiſe ſtands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal ſettlement.——I am ill, very ill,—I languiſh moſt affectingly.—I am ſick both ſoul and body——it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man intereſts himſelf more in your happineſs, and I am glad you are in ſo fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D. whilſt I—no matter what——but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.—I dined yeſterday with Lord and Lady S—; we talked much of you, and your goings on—for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is ſo pleaſant a ſituation!——You rogue! you have locked up my boots—and I go bootleſs home—and I fear I ſhall go bootleſs all my life——Adieu, gentleſt and beſt of ſouls—Adieu.

I am yours moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

MY DEAR COUSIN, Newark, Monday ten o'clock, morning.

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods conſigned to Pluto and Company——lying in the bottom of my chaiſe moſt of the route,

upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchaſe before I ſet out——I am worn out——— but preſs on to Barnaby Mor to night, and if poſſible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but ſome *derangement* preſſes hard upon this machine——ſtill I think it will not be overſet this bout.—My love to G.— We ſhall all meet from the eaſt, and from the ſouth, and (as at the laſt) be happy together—My kind reſpects to a few.——— I am, dear H.

Truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

DEAR L—E, Coxwould, June 7. 1767.

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the ſeal of friendſhip, and moſt cordially do I thank you for ſo kind a proof of your good-will——I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my ſentimental friend—but I would not write to inquire after her, unleſs I could have ſent her the teſtimony without the tax, for even howd'yes to invalids, or thoſe that have lately been ſo, either call to mind what is paſt, or what may return——at leaſt I find it ſo. I am as happy as a prince at Coxwould—and I wiſh you could ſee in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I ſit down alone to veniſon, fiſh, and wild-fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and ſtrawberries and cream, and all the ſimple

plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce, with a clean cloth on my table—— and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a pariſhioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If ſolitude would cure a love-ſick heart, I would give you an invitation—but abſence and time leſſen no attachment which virtue inſpires. I am in high ſpirits—care never enters this cottage——I take the air every day in my poſt-chaiſe, with two long tailed horſes——they turn out good ones; and as to myſelf, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I ſubmitted to in town—May you, dear L——, want neither the one nor the other!

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIX.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould, June 30. 1767.

I AM in ſtill better health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote laſt to you, owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H——, whoſe caſtle lies near the ſea—and there is a beech as even as a mirror, of five miles in length, before it,—where we daily run races in our chaiſes, with one wheel in the ſea, and the other on land.—D—— has obtained his fair Indian, and has this poſt ſent a letter of

inquiries after Yorick and his Bramin. He is a good ſoul, and intereſts himſelf much in our fate.—I cannot forgive you, L——e, for your folly in ſaying you intend to get introduced to the ———. I deſpiſe them, and I ſhall hold your underſtanding much cheaper than I now do, if you perſiſt in a reſolution ſo unworthy of you.—I ſuppoſe Mrs. J— telling you they were ſenſible, is the ground-work you go upon—By — they are not clever; though what is commonly called wit, may paſs for literature on the other ſide of Temple-Bar.———You ſay Mrs. J— thinks them amiable—ſhe juſtges too favourably; but I have put a ſtop to her intentions of viſiting them. —They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. La Bramin aſſured me they uſed their endeavours with her to break off her friendſhip with me, for reaſons I will not write, but tell you.—I ſaid enough of them before ſhe left England, and though ſhe yielded to me in every other point, yet in this ſhe obſtinately perſiſted.—Strange infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpoſe by a falſity, which Yorick's friendſhip to the Bramin can only juſtify.———I wrote her word that the moſt amiable of women reiterated my requeſt, that ſhe would not write to them. I ſaid too, ſhe had concealed many things for the ſake of her peace of mind——when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, Mrs. J—'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged ſo ſtrongly. —Do not mention this circumſtance to Mrs. J—, t'would diſpleaſe her——and I had no deſign in it

but for the Bramin to be a friend to herſelf.——I ought now to be buſy from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive—an eſtate to ſell—a pariſh to ſuperintend, and what is worſt of all a diſquieted heart to reaſon with—theſe are continual calls upon me. I have received half a dozen letters to preſs me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at preſent deaf to them all.—— I perhaps may paſs a few days there ſomething later in the ſeaſon, not at preſent—and ſo, dear L——e, adieu.

I am moſt cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER C.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, June 30. [1767.]

I MUST acknowledge the courteſy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times buſier than I am, and muſt thank him too for the many expreſſions of his good-will and good opinion—'Tis all affectation to ſay a man is not gratified with being praiſed—we only want to be ſincere——and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever——but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an aſs to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chooſe it), all together do wonders.—I ſhall live this year at leaſt, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good im-

preſſions of me, as you have Sancho. I would only covenant for juſt ſo much health and ſpirits as are ſufficient to carry my pen through the taſk I have ſet it this ſummer.—But I am a reſigned being, Sancho, and take health and ſickneſs, as I do light and darkneſs, or the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons——that is, juſt as it pleaſes GOD to ſend them—and accommodate myſelf to their periodical returns as well as I can——only taking care, whatever befals me in this ſilly world—not to loſe my temper at it.——This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the trueſt philoſophy—for this we muſt be indebted to ourſelves, but not to our fortunes.—Farewel——I hope you will not forget your cuſtom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter——In the mean time, I am very cordially,

My honeſt friend Sancho,
Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CI.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Coxwould, July 6. 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I ſit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this laſt inſtance of their humanity and politeneſs to me, I muſt ever be their debtor——I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my ſoul—and for the ſingle

day's happineſs your goodneſs would have ſent me, I wiſh I could ſend you back thouſands—I cannot, but they will come of themſelves—and ſo God bleſs you.——I have had twenty times my pen in my hand ſince I came down, to write a letter to you both in Gerrard Street, but I am a ſhy kind of a ſoul at the bottom, and have a jealouſy about troubling my friends, eſpecially about myſelf.—I am now got perfectly well, but was, a month after my arrival in the country, in but a poor ſtate——my body has got the ſtart, and is at preſent more at eaſe than my mind —but this world is a ſchool of trials, and ſo Heaven's will be done!—I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted—and to complete your joy, that your little lady flouriſhes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to ſee her preferred by next winter.—I am now beginning to be truly buſy at my Sentimental Journey—the pains and ſorrows of this life having retarded its progreſs—but I ſhall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very ſhort time.

What can I ſend you that Yorkſhire produces? tell me—I want to be of uſe to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt value and eſteem,

Your very obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR PANCHAUD, York, July 20. 1767.

BE ſo kind as to forward what letters are for Mrs. Sterne at your office by to-day's poſt, or the next, and ſhe will receive them before ſhe quits Avignon for England——She wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter—adviſe her to get her own life inſured in London, leſt my Lydia ſhould die before her—If there are any packets, ſend them with the ninth volume * of Shandy, which ſhe has failed of getting—ſhe ſays ſhe has drawn for fifty louis——when ſhe leaves Paris, ſend by her my account—Have you got me any French ſubſcriptions, or ſubſcriptions in France?—Preſent my kindeſt ſervice to Miſs P. I know her politeneſs and good nature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what ſhe may venture to bring over.—I hope every thing goes on well, though never half ſo well as I wiſh——God proſper you, my dear friend——Believe me moſt warmly,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

The ſooner you ſend me the gold ſnuff-box, the better—'tis a preſent from my beſt friend.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

LETTER CIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

My dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— are infinitely kind to me, in ſending now and then a letter to inquire after me—and to acquaint me how they are. ——You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illneſs.—I wiſh Mr J—— would carry you to the ſouth of France in purſuit of health—but why need I wiſh it, when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of thoſe ſymptoms which alarmed him ſo much in the ſpring—Your politeneſs and humanity are always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promiſe next winter, will be perfectly ſo—but you muſt get well——and your little dear girl muſt be of the party, with her parents and friends to give it a reliſh—I am ſure you ſhow no partiality, but what is natural and praiſe-worthy, in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow; and I both hope and adviſe them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two ſtrings at leaſt to their bow. —I had letters from France by laſt night's poſt, by which (by ſome fatality) I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me concern, as it wears the aſpect of unkindneſs, which ſhe by no means merits from me.——My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a viſit for a few months;——I wiſh I may prevail with them to tarry longer.—You muſt permit me, dear Mrs. J. to make

my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and ſpend a little time in London, as ſhe returns to France. I expect a ſmall parcel—may I trouble you, before you write next, to ſend to my lodgings to aſk if there is any thing directed to me that you can encloſe under cover.——I have but one excuſe for this freedom, which I am prompted to uſe, from a perſuaſion that it is doing you pleaſure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing——and as to myſelf, I reſt ſatisfied, for 'tis only ſcoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already———Receive a thouſand and a thouſand thanks, yes, and with them ten thouſand friendly wiſhes for all you wiſh in this world——May my friend Mr. J. continue bleſſed with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I ſo ardently pray for.—Adieu, my dear friends —believe me moſt truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. In Eliza's laſt letter, dated from St. Jago, ſhe tells me, as ſhe does you, that ſhe is extremely ill——God protect her!——By this time ſurely ſhe has ſet foot upon dry land at Madras—I heartily wiſh her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her ſo——but he is cut off from this by bodily abſence——I am at preſent with her in ſpirit, however——but what is that? you will ſay.

LETTER CIV.

TO J—— H——S, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Coxwould, Auguſt 11. 1767.

I AM glad all has paſſed with ſo much amity *inter te et filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy ſight—All is well that ends well—and ſo much for moralizing upon it. I wiſh you could, or would, take up your parable, and propheſy as much good concerning me and my affairs.——Not one of my letters has got to Mrs. Sterne ſince the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my ſide, though I have wrote her ſix or ſeven.—I imagine ſhe will be here the latter end of September, though I have no date for it but her impatience, which, having ſuffered by my ſuppoſed ſilence, I am perſuaded will make her fear the worſt——if that is the caſe, ſhe will fly to England——a moſt natural concluſion.——You did well to diſcontinue all commerce with James's powders—as you are ſo well, rejoce therefore, and let your heart be merry—mine ought upon the ſame ſcore—for I never have been ſo well ſince I left college—and ſhould be a marvellous happy man, but for ſome reflections which bow down my ſpirits——but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myſelf with honour—and —no matter! we will talk this over when we meet —If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c. I will come and ſing Te Deum, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing with you in the world.——I ſhould depend upon G——'s cri-

tic upon my head, as much as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies—when you do not want her ſociety, let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum——to—and give her my bleſſing as you do it.——

My poſtillion has ſet me a-ground for a week, by one of my piſtols burſting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite ſhot off—he inſtantly fell upon his knees and ſaid (Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name), at which, like a good Chriſtian, he ſtopped, not remembering any more of it—the affair was not ſo bad as he at firſt thought, for it has only *burſten* two of his fingers (he ſays).——I long to return to you, but I ſit here alone as ſolitary and ſad as a tom cat, which by the by is all the company I keep——he follows me from the parlour to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place——I wiſh I had a dog—my daughter will bring me one——and ſo God be about you, and ſtrengthen your faith—I am affectionately, dear couſin, yours.

L. S.

My ſervice to the C——, though they are from home—and to Panty.

LETTER CV.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, Coxwould, Auguſt 25. 1767.

I BUT copy your great civility to me in writing you word that I have this moment received another let-

ter wrote eighteen days after the date of the laſt from St. Jago—If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in courſe have had it——but I fear, from the circumſtance of great hurry and bodily diſorder in which ſhe was when ſhe diſpatched this, ſhe might not have time.—In caſe it has ſo fallen out, I ſend you the contents of what I have received—and that is a melancholy hiſtory of herſelf and ſufferings ſince they left St. Jago—continual and moſt violent rheumatiſm all the time——a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying ſymptom—the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a ſkeleton.—I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the ſame time it will affect yours.—The three or four laſt days of our journal leave us with hopes ſhe will do well at laſt, for ſhe is more cheerful——and ſeems to be getting into better ſpirits; and health will follow in courſe. They have croſſed the line—are much becalmed, by which, with other delays, ſhe fears they will loſe their paſſage to Madras——and be ſome months ſooner for it at Bombay—Heaven protect her, for ſhe ſuffers much, and with uncommon fortitude.——She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J. in her laſt packet——In truth, my good lady, ſhe loves and honours you from her heart; but, if ſhe did not, I ſhould not eſteem her, or wiſh her ſo well as I do.—Adieu, my dear friends—you have few in the world more truly and cordially Yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have juſt received, as a preſent from a man I ſhall ever love, a moſt elegant gold ſnuff-box, fabricated for me at Paris—'tis not the firſt pledge I have received of his friendſhip.—May I preſume to encloſe you a letter of chit-chat which I ſhall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourſelf, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India——they will neither of them be the worſe received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their deſtined port, as they go firſt to Bengal.

LETTER CVI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Coxwould, Auguſt 24. 1767.

I AM truly ſurpriſed, my dear Lydia, that my laſt letter has not reached thy mother and thyſelf—it looks moſt unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that ſhe has not received my letter to welcome you both—And though in that I ſaid I wiſhed you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I ſhould have publiſhed my ſentimental work, and ſhould be in town to receive you —yet I will ſhow you more real politeſſes than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart—I am ſorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends——I know B—— very well; and he is what in France would be call-

ed admirable——that would be but ſo ſo here——You are right—He ſtudies nature more than any, or rather moſt of the French comedians——If the Empreſs of Ruſſia pays him and his wife a penſion of twenty thouſand livres a-year, I think he is very well off.—The folly of ſtaying till after twelve for ſupper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat;—" his conſcience would not let it be " ſerved before."——Surely the Marquis thought, you both being Engliſh, could not be ſatisfied without it.—I would have given not my gown and caſſock (for I have but one), but my topaz ring, to have ſeen the *petits maîtres et maîtreſſes* go to maſs, after having ſpent the night in dancing. As to my pleaſures, they are few in compaſs.——My poor cat ſits purring beſide me—Your lively French dog ſhall have his place on the other ſide of my fire——but if he is as deviliſh as when I laſt ſaw him, I muſt tutor him; for I will not have my cat abuſed——in ſhort, I will have nothing deviliſh about me——a combuſtion will ſpoil a ſentimental thought.

Another thing I muſt deſire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you ſet out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as—— ——did her ſilver ſyringe or gliſter equipage, which ſhe loſt in a certain river—but take a wiſe reſolution of doing without rouge.—I have been three days ago bad again—with a ſpitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute******* came and drew my curtains, and, with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear—Z—ds, what a fine kettle of fiſh have you brought

yourſelf to, Mr. S——! In a faint voice, I bade him leave me, for comfort ſure was never adminiſtered in ſo rough a manner.—Tell your mother, I hope ſhe will purchaſe what either of you may want at Paris——'tis an occaſion not to be loſt—ſo write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my poſt chaiſe with my long-tailed horſes——and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu, dear Lydia, believe me, what I ever ſhall be,

Your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I ſhall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—Once more adieu.

LETTER CVII.

TO SIR W.

MY DEAR SIR, September 19. 1767.

You are perhaps the drolleſt being in the univerſe ——Why do you banter me ſo about what I wrote to you?——Though I told you every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap (meaning thereby the ſea), was you to infer from that, that I leaped into the ladies beds afterwards?—The body guides you—the mind me.——I have wrote the moſt whimſical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talked of body and ſoul too——I ſaid ſhe had made me vain, by ſaying ſhe was mine more than ever woman was——but ſhe is not the lady of Bond Street, nor —— Square,

nor the lady who ſupped with me in Bond Street on ſcollop'd oyſters, and other ſuch things—nor did ſhe ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt-Hill.—Enough of ſuch nonſenſe——The paſt is over—and I can juſtify myſelf unto myſelf—can you do as much?——No, faith!—"You feel!" Aye, ſo can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the houſe top.——but caterwauling diſguſts me. I had rather raiſe a gentle flame, than have a different one raiſed in me.—Now, I take Heaven to witneſs, after all this *badinage*, my heart is innocent—and the ſporting of my pen is equal, juſt equal, to what I did in my boyiſh days when I got aſtride of a ſtick, and gallop'd away.—The truth is this——that my pen governs me, not me my pen. You are much to blame if you dig for marl, unleſs you are ſure of it. I was once ſuch a puppy myſelf, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of my pocket. Curſe on farming, (ſaid I), I will try if the pen will not ſucceed better than the ſpade. The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me loſe my temper; and a cart-load of turnips was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds.

In all your operations may your own good ſenſe guide you—bought experience is the devil.—Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Coxwould, Sept. 27. 1767.

You are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it——but you are an unaccountable being, and ſo there is nothing more to be ſaid on the matter—You wiſh me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finiſhed—beſides, I have other things in my head.——My wife will be here in three or four days, and I muſt not be found ſtraying in the wilderneſs—but I have been there. As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh and drink my barley-water with you. As ſoon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a houſe at York, I ſhall go to London, where you generally are in Spring——and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare ſay, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worſt of moulds.—Praiſed be God for my ſenſibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleaſures the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir,

Ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, York, October 1. 1767.

I HAVE order'd my friend Becket to advance for two months your account, which my wife this day deliver'd—ſhe is in raptures with all your civilities.—This is to give you notice to draw upon your correſpondent—and Becket will deduct out of my publication.—To-morrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia ſeems tranſported with the ſight of me.—Nature, dear P——, breathes in all her compoſition; and except a little vivacity—which is a fault in the world we live in—I am fully content with her mother's care of her.—Pardon this digreſſion from buſineſs—but 'tis natural to ſpeak of thoſe we love.—As to the ſubſcriptions which your friendſhip has procured me, I muſt have them to incorporate with my liſts which are to be prefixed to the firſt volume.—My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks—they will leave me the firſt of December.——Adieu, adieu!——Believe me

Yours, moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Coxwould, October 3. 1767.

I HAVE ſuffered under a ſtrong deſire for above this fortnight, to ſend a letter of inquiries after the

health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J——; and I do aſſure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modeſty in my temper not to make my good will troubleſome, where I have ſo much, and to thoſe I never think of, but with ideas of ſenſibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd.—Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the firſt ſtep I made to Gerrard Street!—My mind and body muſt be at ſad variance with each other, ſhould it ever fall out that it is not both the firſt and laſt place alſo where I ſhall betake myſelf, were it only to ſay, "God bleſs you"——May you have every bleſſing he can ſend you! 'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilſt I have a tongue to repeat it—And ſo you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reaſons aſſign'd for it—I thank you for it kindly—though you have not told me what they were: being a ſhrewd divine, I think I can gueſs.——I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hoſpitably entertained by one of the beſt of our Biſhops; who, as he kept houſe there, preſs'd me to be with him—and his houſehold conſiſted of a gentleman and two ladies—— which, with the good Biſhop and myſelf, made ſo good a party that we kept much to ourſelves.—I made in this time a connection of great friendſhip with my mitred hoſt, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland.—However, we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted——Now it was ſuppoſed (and have ſince heard) that I e'en went on with the party to

London, and this I ſuppoſe was, the reaſon aſſign'd for my being there.—I dare ſay charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the ſcore of one, and perhaps both of the ladies—and I will excuſe charity on that head, for a heart diſengaged could not well have done better—I have been hard writing ever ſince—and hope by Chriſtmas I ſhall be able to give a gentle rap at your door ——and tell you how happy I am to ſee my two good friends.——I aſſure you I ſpur on my Pegaſus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit till I have finiſhed this Sentimental Journey——which I hope to lay at your feet, as a ſmall (but a very honeſt) teſtimony of the conſtant truth with which I am,

My dear friends,

Your ever obliged

And grateful

L. STERNE.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here laſt night from France.—My girl has return'd an elegant accompliſh'd little ſlut—my wife—but I hate to praiſe my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praiſe my daughter.—I ſuppoſe they will return next ſummer to France. They leave me in a month to reſide at York for the winter——and I ſtay at Coxwould till the firſt of January.

LETTER CXI.

TO MRS. F——

DEAR MADAM. Coxwould, Friday.

I RETURN you a thouſand thanks for your obliging inquiry after me——I got down laſt ſummer very much worn out—and much worſe at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's houſe (the Archbiſhop of York) to refreſh myſelf a couple of days upon the road near Doncaſter——Since I got home to quietneſs, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very ſtout—and in a fortnight's time ſhall perhaps be as well as you yourſelf could wiſh me.—I have the pleaſure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France—I ſhall be in town to greet my friends by the firſt of January—Adieu, dear Madam—Believe me

Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXII.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, October 12. 1767.

EVER ſince my dear H. wrote me word ſhe was mine, more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together.——People think that I have had many, ſome in body, ſome in mind: but as I told you before, you have had me more than

any woman——therefore you muſt have had me, H——, both in mind and in body.—Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when——it could not be the lady in Bond Street, or Groſvenor Street, or ——Square, or Pall-Mall.—We ſhall make it out, H. when we meet—I impatiently long for it 'tis no matter——I cannot now ſtand writing to you to-day——I will make it up next poſt—for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F— ſtay, he will not frank this.——How do you do? Which parts of Triſtram do you like beſt?——God bleſs you.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIII.

TO MR AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Nov. 12. 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troubleſome in writing ſomething betwixt a letter and a card, to inquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age ſince I have heard a ſyllable of.—I think ſo, however, and never more felt the want of a houſe I eſteem ſo much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it ſo ſeldom—and have nothing to recompenſe my deſires of ſeeing its kind poſſeſſors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Chriſtmas.——I long ſadly to ſee you—and my friend Mr. J—— I am ſtill at Coxwould—my wife and girl * here.—

* Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be neceſſary for publiſhing this letter——the beſt ſhe can offer is——that it was written by a fond parent (whoſe commendation ſhe is proud of) to a very ſincere friend.

She is a dear good creature—affectionate, and moſt elegant in body and mind———ſhe is all Heaven could give me in a daughter———but like other bleſſings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France——and this dear part of me muſt be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who ſeems inclined to eſtabliſh her in France, where ſhe has had many advantageous offers.——Do not ſmile at my weakneſs, when I ſay I don't wonder at it, for ſhe is as accompliſh'd a ſlut as France can produce.—You ſhall excuſe all this—if you won't I deſire Mr. J—— to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleaſure ſhall I embrace your dear little pledge——whom I hope to ſee every hour increaſing in ſtature, and in favour, both with GOD and man!——I kiſs all your hands with a moſt devout and friendly heart.——No man can wiſh you more good than your meagre friend does—few ſo much; for I am, with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honeſt affection,

My dear Mrs. J——,
Your ever faithful

L. STERNE.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will pleaſe Mrs. J——, and my Lydia—I can anſwer for thoſe two. It is a ſubject which works well, and ſuits the frame of mind I have been in for ſome time paſt—I told you my deſign in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow creatures better than we do—ſo it runs moſt upon thoſe gentler paſſions and affections which aid ſo much to it. Adieu, and may you and

my worthy friend Mr. J—— continue examples of the doctrine I teach!

LETTER CXIV.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, Nov. 15. 1767.

Now be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute theſe commiſſions well——and when I ſee you I will give you a kiſs——there's for you!—But I have ſomething elſe for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which ſhall make you cry as much as it has affected me—or I will give up the buſineſs of ſentimental writing—and write to the body—that is, H. what I am doing in writing to you—but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a ſcore mean ſouls.—

I am yours, &c. &c.

L. SHANDY.

LETTER CXV.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

Coxwould, Nov. 19. 1767.

You make yourſelf unhappy, dear L—e, by imaginary ills——which you might ſhun, inſtead of putting yourſelf in the way of.——Would not any man in his ſenſes fly from the object he adores, and not waſte his time and his health in increaſing his miſery by ſo vain a purſuit?—The idol of your heart is one of ten thouſand—The Duke of —— has long ſighed in vain—and can you ſuppoſe a woman will liſt-

en to you that is proof againſt titles, ſtars, and red ribbands?—Her heart (believe me, L—) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine ſpeeches—if it ſhould ever feel a preference; it will chooſe an object for itſelf, and it muſt be a ſingular character that can make an impreſſion on ſuch a being—ſhe has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name—the natural reſerve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a ſuperiority of underſtanding, which makes her deſpiſe every man that turns himſelf into a fool—Take my advice, and pay your addreſſes to Miſs ———; ſhe eſteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken ſo deep a root in your heart. —I pity you from my ſoul—but we are all born with paſſions which ebb and flow (elſe they would play the devil with us) to different objects—and the beſt advice I can give you, L—e, is to turn the tide of yours another way.—I know not whether I ſhall write again while I ſtay at Coxwould.—I am in earneſt at my ſentimental work—and intend being in town ſoon after Chriſtmas——in the mean time, adieu.——Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L.

Yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE EARL OF ——.

MY LORD, Coxwould, Nov. 28. 1767.

'Tis with the greateſt pleaſure I take my pen to thank your Lordſhip for your letter of inquiry about Yorick—he has worn out both his ſpirits and body with the Sentimental Journey—'tis true that an author muſt feel himſelf, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings—I believe the brain ſtands as much in need of recruiting as the body——therefore I ſhall ſet out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myſelf a week at York. I might indeed ſolace myſelf with my wife (who is come from France); but in fact I have long been a ſentimental being—whatever your Lordſhip may think to the contrary. The world has imagined, becauſe I wrote Triſtram Shandy, that I was myſelf more Shandean than I really ever was—'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colours, according to the ideas each one frames in his head——A very agreable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough——I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon*—all the females were very inquiſitive to know who ſhe was—" Do not tell, ladies; 'tis a " miſtreſs my wife has recommended to me;—— " nay, moreover, has ſent her from France."——

I hope my book will pleaſe you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is

not thought a chaſte book, mercy on them that read it, for they muſt have warm imaginations indeed! ——Can your Lordſhip forgive my not making this a longer epiſtle?—In ſhort, I can but add this, which you already know——that I am, with gratitude and friendſhip,

My Lord,
Your obedient faithful

L. STERNE.

If your Lordſhip is in town in Spring, I ſhould be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard Street—you would eſteem the huſband, and honour the wife——ſhe is the reverſe of moſt of her ſex——they have various purſuits—ſhe but one—that of pleaſing her huſband.—

LETTER CXVII.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR G. M.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Coxwould, December 5. 1767.

FOR though you are his Excellency, and I ſtill but parſon Yorick—I ſtill muſt call you ſo—and were you to be next Emperor of Ruſſia, I could not write to you, or ſpeak of you under any other relation——I felicitate you, I don't ſay how much, becauſe I can't—I always had ſomething like a kind of revlation within me, which pointed out this tract for you, in which you are ſo happily advanced—it was not only my wiſhes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impoſe upon a viſionary brain, but I thought I actually ſaw you juſt where you now are

—and that is juſt, my door Macartney, where you ſhould be——I ſhould long, long ago have acknowledged the kindneſs of a letter of yours from Peterſbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it—this is the firſt time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you——how they will find you, I know well——that is—the ſame I ever knew you. In three weeks I ſhall kiſs your hand——and ſooner if I can finiſh my Sentimental Journey.——The deuce take all ſentiments! I wiſh there was not one in the world!——My wife is come to pay me a ſentimental viſit as far as from Avignon—and the *politeſſe* ariſing from ſuch a proof of her urbanity, has robb'd me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.—I am going to lye-in; being at Chriſtmas at my full reckoning—and unleſs what I ſhall bring forth is not *preſs'd* to death by theſe devils of printers, I ſhall have the honour of preſenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaſte brain conceived—they are frolickſome too—*mais cela n'empeche pas*—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would take it not well, if I did not make myſelf happy with it.—Adieu, my dear friend.

Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P. S. If you ſee Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

DEAR L. Coxwould, December 7. 1767.

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to ſo intereſting a letter as yours—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promiſes—he will take care of you in the beſt manner he can: and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you uſeful in any department——If his Lordſhip's ſcheme does not ſucceed, leave the kingdom——go to the eaſt, or the weſt, for travelling would be of infinite ſervice to both your body and mind—But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs,—I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendary-ſhip—the country alſo is ſweet——but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have conſulted with you, and my other friends.—I have great offers too in Ireland——the Biſhops of C—— and R—— are both my friends——but I have rejected every propoſal, unleſs Mrs. S—— and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the ſake of my girl; and with her ſweet tight burden in my arms, I could get up faſt the hill of preferment, if I choſe it——but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would ſit uneaſy upon my brow.—Mrs. S——'s health is inſupportable in England.—

She muſt return to France, and juſtice and humanity forbid me to oppoſe it.——I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until ſhe can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L——e, when I think of parting with my child,—'twill be like the ſeparation of ſoul and body—and equal to nothing but what paſſes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one reſpect, for ſhe will be in one kingdom, whilſt I am in another —You will laugh at my weakneſs—but I cannot help it—for ſhe is a dear diſintereſted girl—As a proof of it—when ſhe left Coxwould and I bade her adieu, I pulled out my purſe and offered her ten guineas for her private pleaſures—her anſwer was pretty, and affected me too much: No, my dear "papa, your expences of coming from France may "have ſtraitened you—I would rather put an hun- "dred guineas into your pocket than take ten out of "it,"—I burſt into tears—But why do I practiſe on your feelings——by dwelling on a ſubject that will touch your heart?——It is too much melted already by its own ſufferings, L—e, for me to add a pang, or cauſe a ſingle ſigh.——God bleſs you—I ſhall hope to greet you by New-year's-day in perfect health——Adieu, my dear friend—I am moſt truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIX.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

[December, 1767.]

LITERAS veſtras lepidiſſimas, mi conſobrine, conſobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; ſed poſta non rediebat verſus Aquilonemeo die, aliter ſcripſiſſem prout deſiderabas. Neſcio quid eſt materia cum me, ſed ſum fatigatus et ægrotus de mea uxore plus quam unquam——et ſum poſſeſſus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem—et tu es poſſeſſus cum eodem malo ſpiritu qui te tenet in deſerto eſſe tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tua—crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod iſthæc non eſt via ad ſalutem ſive hodiernam, ſive eternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pecunia, quæ, ut ait Sanctus Paulus, eſt radix omnium malorum, et non ſatis dicis in corde tuo, ego Antonius de Caſtello infirmo, ſum jam quadraginta et plus annos natus, et explevi octavum meum luſtrum, et tempus eſt me curare, et meipſum Antonium facere hominem felicem et liberum, et mihimet ipſi benefacere, ut exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quod nihil eſt melius in had vita, quam quod homo vivat feſtive, et quod edat et bibat, et bono fruatur, quia hoc eſt ſua portio et dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te ſcire vellemus, quod non debeo eſſe reprehendi pro feſtinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus eſt teſtis, quod non propero præ gloria, et pro me oſtendere: nam diabolus iſte qui me intravit, non eſt diabolus vanus, at conſobrinus ſuus Lucifer—ſed

eſt diabolus amabundus, qui non vult ſinere me eſſe ſolum; nam cum non cumbendo cum uxore mea, ſum mentulatior quam par eſt—et ſum mortaliter in amore—et ſum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excuſabis, quoniam tu fuiſti in amore, et per mare et per terras iviſti et feſtinaſti ſicut diabolus, eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te ſcribere. —ſed ſcribo hanc epiſtolam in domo coffeataria et plena ſociorum ſtrepitoſorum, qui non permittent me cogitare unam cogitationem.

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cujus literis reſpondebo—ſaluta amicos in domo Giſbroſenſi, et ora, credas me vinculo conſobrinitatis et amoris ad te, mi Antoni, devinctiſſimum,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

York, December 23. 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J——, or their little bloſſom, was drooping—or that ſome of you were ill, by not having the pleaſure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to inquire after you all——when I was caſt down myſelf with a fever and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks—when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I miſt cordially now do—as well as for all your profeſſions and proofs of good will to me.—I will not ſay I have not balanced accounts with you in this—

All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth——and that I could not wiſh your happineſs, and the ſucceſs of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother——but, good God! are we not all brothers and ſiſters, who are friendly, virtuous and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illneſs has been a ſort of ſympathy for your afflictions upon the ſcore of your dear little one——I am worn down to a ſhadow; but, as my fever has left me, I ſet off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town—I need not tell my friends in Gerrard Street I ſhall do myſelf the honour to viſit them, before either Lord ——, or Lord ——, &c. &c.—I thank you, my dear friend, for what you ſay ſo kindly about my daughter——it ſhows your good heart, for as ſhe is a ſtranger, 'tis a free gift in you—but when ſhe is known to you, ſhe ſhall win it fairly—but, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. Mrs. S—— has hired a houſe ready furniſhed at York, till ſhe returns to France, and my Lydia muſt not leave her.

What a ſad ſcratch of a letter!—but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind—ſo God bleſs you——you will ſee me enter like a ghoſt—ſo I tell you beforehand not to be frightened.——I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt attachment and eſteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Old Bond Street, January 1. [1768.]

Nor knowing whether the moiſture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard Street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to ſend them all the good wiſhes, compliments, and reſpects I owe them.——I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the beſt.——I ſend all compliments to your fire-ſides this Sunday night—Miſs Aſcough the wife, Miſs Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and ſo on.—If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will preſent the encloſed to him—'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.—I am ſorry that I am no ſubſcriber to Soho this ſeaſon—it deprives me of a pleaſure worth twice the ſubſcription—but I am juſt going to ſend about this quarter of the town, to ſee if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undiſpoſed of, from ſome of my Soho friends; and if I can ſucceed, I will either ſend or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow—if not, my friend will do me the juſtice to believe me truly miſerable.——I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get diſengaged in order to be with my friends.—If I cannot, I will glide like a ſhadow uninvited to Gerrard Street ſome day this week, that we may eat our bread and

meat in love and peace together.—God bleſs you both!—I am with the moſt ſincere regard,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, Old Bond Street, Monday.

I HAVE never been a moment at reſt ſince I wrote yeſterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one—have been upon one knee to my friends Sir G—— M——, Mr. Laſcelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice—without mentioning five more——I believe I could as ſoon get you a place at court, for every body is going—but I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my ſupplications,—I ſend you this ſtate of the affair, leſt my ſilence ſhould make you think I had neglected what I promiſed—But no—Mrs. J—— knows me better, and would never ſuppoſe it to be out of the head of one who is with ſo much truth,

Her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Thurſday, Old Bond Street.

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuſes, my dear friend, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a ſecond note, I am aſtoniſhed I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any miſtake in a card wrote by Mrs. J——'s, in which my friend is as unrivalled, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or moſt joyfully would have trod the old pleaſing road from Bond to Gerrard Street.—My books will be to be had on Thurſday, but poſſibly on Wedneſday in the afternoon.—I am quite well, but exhauſted with a room full of company every morning till dinner—How do I lament I cannot eat my morſel (which is always ſweet) with ſuch kind friends!—The Sunday following I will aſſuredly wait upon you both—and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day-light, to ſee Mrs. J——'s picture.—I beg leave to aſſure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my ſentimental thanks for every token of their good will.——Adieu, my dear friends—

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIV.

FROM DR. EUSTACE IN AMERICA, TO THE REV. MR. STERNE, WITH A WALKING-STICK.

SIR,

WHEN I aſſure you that I am a great admirer of Triſtram Shandy, and have, ever ſince his introduction into the world, been one of his moſt zealous defenders againſt the repeated aſſaults of prejudice and miſapprehenſion, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intruſion.

You know it is an obſervation as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a ſimilitude of ſentiments is the general parent of friendſhip.—It cannot be wondered at, that I ſhould conceive an eſteem for a perſon whom nature had moſt indulgently enabled to friſk and curvet with eaſe through all theſe intricacies of ſentiments, which, from irreſiſtible propenſity, ſhe had impelled me to trudge through without merit or diſtinction.

The only reaſon that gave riſe to this addreſs to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean ſtatuary, I mean, according to vulgar opinion, for to ſuch judges both appear equally deſtitute of regularity or deſign.—It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and preſented to the late Governor Dobbs; after his death Mrs. D. gave it me; its ſingularity made many deſirous of procuring it; but I had reſolved at firſt not to part with it, till, upon reflection I thought

it would be a very proper, and probably not an unacceptable compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation, as a button-hole, or a broom-ſtick.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LETTER CXXV.

MR. STERNE'S ANSWER.

SIR, London, Feb. 9. 1768.

I THIS moment received your obliging letter, and Shandean piece of ſculpture along with it, of both which teſtimonies of your regard I have the juſteſt ſenſe, and return you, dear Sir, my beſt thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking-ſtick is in no ſenſe more Shandaic, than in that of its having more handles than one: the parallel breaks only in this, that, in uſing the ſtick, every one will take the handle which ſuits his convenience. In Triſtram Shandy, the handle is taken which ſuits the paſſions, their ignorance, or their ſenſibility. There is ſo little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wiſh I could have got an act of parliament, when the books firſt appeared, that none but wiſe men ſhould look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to underſtand them: the world, however, ſeems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being to a man on its ſide; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a ſecond reading.

The other, in order to be on the ſtrongeſt ſide, has at length agreed to ſpeak well of it too. A few hypocrites and Tartuffes, whoſe approbation could do it nothing but diſhonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my ſide from the beginning; but it is not in the power of evey one to taſte humour, however he may wiſh it; it is the gift of God; and, beſides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him entirely correſpond with thoſe excited.—'Tis like reading himſelf——and not the book.

In a week's time I ſhall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ſhip ſails three days too ſoon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleaſure of preſenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true eſteem,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO L. S——N, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Old Bond Street, Wedneſday.

YOUR commendations are very flattering. I know no one whoſe judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only inſtance in which

I can call it in queſtion—Thanks, my good Sir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—if I recover from my ill ſtate of health, and live to reviſit Coxwould this ſummer, I will decorate my ſtudy with them, along with ſix beautiful pictures I have already of the ſculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.——It grieves one to think ſuch a man ſhould have died in exile, who wrote ſo well on the art of love.——Do not think me encroaching if I ſolicit a favour——'tis either to borrow or beg (to beg if you pleaſe) ſome of thoſe touched with chalk which you brought from Italy—I believe you have three ſets, and if you can ſpare the imperfect one of cattle on colour'd paper, 'twill anſwer my purpoſe, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours.—You may be ignorant ſhe has a genius for drawing, and whatever ſhe excels in ſhe conceals, and her humility adds luſtre to her accompliſhments—I preſented her laſt year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her ſeveral leſſons before I left town.—I wiſh her to follow this art, to be a complete miſtreſs of it——and it is ſingular enough, but not more ſingular than true, that ſhe does not know how to make a cow or a ſheep, though ſhe draws figures and landſcapes perfectly well; which makes me wiſh her to copy from good prints.—If you come to town next week, and dine where am engag'd next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you——I breakfaſt with Mr. Beauclerk, and am engaged for an honr afterwards with Lord O——: ſo let our meeting be either at your houſe or my lodgings——

do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to ſee a picture executed by Weſt, moſt admirably——he has caught the character of our friend——ſuch goodneſs is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the ſoul be ever ſo much unharmonized, it is impoſſible it ſhould remain ſo. —I will ſend you a ſet of my books——they will take with the generality—the women will read this book in the parlour, and Triſtram in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear Sir.——I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me,

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAREST LYDIA, February 20. Old Bond Street.

My Sentimental Journey, you ſay, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no leſs admired here——but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occaſion?— The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breaſt—this vile influenza— be not alarm'd, I think I ſhall get the better of it— and ſhall be with you both the firſt of May; and if I eſcape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child— unleſs a quiet retreat and peace of mind can reſtore me.—The ſubject of thy letter has aſtoniſh'd me.— She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the ſuppoſition I ſhould ſurvive thy mother I ſhould bequeath thee as a legacy to ———

No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady whoſe virtues I wiſh thee to imitate, that I ſhall intruſt my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have ſo often talk'd and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a ſincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring ſome part of the milk of human kindneſs into your breaſt, which will ſerve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a ſmall degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful neceſſity to fly to India for protection, whilſt it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will ſurvive me—do not deject her ſpirits with thy apprehenſions on my account. I have ſent you a necklace, buckles, and the ſame to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wiſh that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in juſtice be leſs kind to thy mother.——I am never alone——The kindneſs of my friends is ever the ſame——I wiſh, though, I had thee to nurſe me—but I am deny'd that.—Write to me twice a week, at leaſt.——God bleſs thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy

Affectionate father,

L S.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MRS. J——.

Tueſday

YOUR poor friend is ſcarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleuriſy——I was bled three times on Thurſday, and bliſter'd on Friday—The phyſician ſays I am better—God knows, for I feel myſelf ſadly wrong, and ſhall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining ſtrength.—Before I have gone through half this letter, I muſt ſtop to reſt my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. J.—— was ſo good to call upon me yeſterday. I felt emotions not to be deſcribed at the ſight of him, and he over-joy'd me by talking a great deal of you.——Do, dear Mrs. J——, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to aſk a favour of him, if I find myſelf worſe—that I ſhall beg of you, if in this wreſtling I come off conqueror.—My ſpirits are fled —'tis a bad omen——do not weep, my dear Lady ——your tears are too precious to ſhed for me——, bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn —Deareſt, kindeſt, gentleſt, and beſt of women! may health, peace, and happineſs prove your hand-maids!—If I die, cheriſh the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you ſo often condemn'd —which my heart not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if ſhe is left parentleſs) take her to

your boſom?——You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for ſuch a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago*, and told her what I truſt ſhe would find in you.——Mr. J—— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every inſult, for he wears a ſword which he has ſerved his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the ſcabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him——as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu. All grateful thanks to you and Mr. J.——

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO ********.

——I BEHELD her tender look—her pathetic eye petrified my fluids—the liquid diſſolution drowned thoſe once bright orbs—the late ſympathetic features, ſo pleaſing in their harmony, are now blaſted—withered—and are dead;—her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity.—Yes——my friend—our once ſprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very object that muſt thrill your ſoul.—How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cauſe—the fatal cauſe of overwhelming the ſpotleſs ſoul, and plung-

* From this circumſtance it may be conjectured, that this letter was written on Tueſday the 8th of March 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.

ing the yet untainted mind into a ſea of ſorrow and repentance—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon?—firſt alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory—When villany gets the aſcendancy, it ſeldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him —T*******, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagancies, by a deep laid ſcheme, ſo far ingratiated himſelf into the good graces of the old man—that even he, with all his penetration and experience (of which old folks generally pique themſelves), could not perceive his drift, and, like the goodneſs of his own heart, believed him honourable: ——had I known his pretenſions——I would have flown on the wings of friendſhip—of regard——of affection——and reſcued the lovely innocent from the hands of the ſpoiler;—be not alarmed at my declaration—I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection; but it is of a more delicate ſtamp than the groſs materials nature has planted in us for procreation—I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence, and love her ſtill:—— I would love the whole ſex were they equally deſerving.

—— ——— taking her by the hand——the other thrown round her waiſt—after an intimacy allowing ſuch freedoms——with a look deceitfully pleaſing, the villain poured out a torrent of proteſtations—and though oaths are ſacred—ſwore with all the fortitude of a conſcientious man——the depth of his love,—the height of his eſteem—the ſtrength of his attachment:—by theſe, and other artful means

to anſwer his abandoned purpoſe (for which you know he is but too well qualified)—he gained on the open unexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of her brighteſt jewel.——Oh England! where are your ſenators?—where are your laws?——Ye Heavens! where reſts your deadly thunder?—why are your bolts reſtrained from o'erwhelming with vengeance this vile ſeducer?—I,—my friend, I was the miniſter ſent by juſtice to revenge her wrongs—revenge—I diſclaim it—to redreſs her wrongs.——The news of affliction flies—I heard it, and poſted to ****, where, forgetting my character——this is the ſtyle of the enthuſiaſt——it moſt became my character—I ſaw him in his retreat——I flew out of the chaiſe—caught him by the collar—and in a tumult of paſſion—demanded—ſure, if anger is excuſable, it muſt be when it is excited by a deteſtation of vice——I demanded him to reſtore——alas! what was not in my power to return.—Vengeance!——and ſhall theſe vermine—theſe ſpoilers of the fair—theſe murderers of the mind—lurk and creep about in dens, ſecure to themſelves, and pillage all around them?—Diſtracted with my rage——I charged him with his crime——exploded his baſeneſs——condemned his villany——while coward guilt ſat on his ſullen brow, and, like a criminal conſcious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear.—He hoped means might be found for a ſufficient atonement——offered a tender of his hand as a ſatisfaction, and a life devoted to her ſervice as a recompenſe for his error.—His humiliation ſtruck me—'twas the only means he could have

contrived to aſſuage my anger—I heſitated—pauſed—thought——and ſtill muſt think on ſo important a concern:—aſſiſt me——I am half afraid of truſting my Harriot in the hands of a man; whoſe character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot's—He all fire and diſſipation;—ſhe all meekneſs and ſentiment!—nor can I think there is any hopes of reformation;—the offer proceeds more from ſurpriſe or fear, than juſtice and ſincerity.—The world——the world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a caſt-off from ſociety——Let her——I had rather ſee her thus, than miſerably linked for life to a lump of vice—ſhe ſhall retire to ſome corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in ſorrow—forgetting the wretch who has abuſed her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who conſoles her in retirement.—You, my dear Charles, ſhall bear a part with me in the delightful taſk of whiſpering "peace to thoſe who are in trouble, and "healing the broken in ſpirit."

Adieu.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendſhip has laid upon me, and if it ſhould never be in my power to make you a recompenſe, I hope you will be recompenſed at the "reſurrection of the "juſt."——I hope, Sir, we ſhall both be found in

that catalogue;—and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith, even "againſt "hope."——I think there is, at leaſt, as much probability of our reaching and rejoicing in the "haven "where we would be," as there was of the old Patriarch's having a child by his old wife.—There is not any perſon living or dead, whom I have ſo ſtrong a deſire to ſee and converſe with as yourſelf:—— Indeed I have no inclination to viſit, or ſay a ſyllable to but a few perſons in this lower vale of vanity and tears beſides you;—but I often derive a peculiar ſatisfaction in converſing with the ancient and modern dead,—who yet live and ſpeak excellently in their works.—My neighbours think me *often alone*,—— and yet at ſuch times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes——each of whom, at my pleaſure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb ſigns—quite as intelligibly as any perſon living can do by *uttering* of words.——They always keep the diſtance from me which I direct,—and, with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I pleaſe,—I lay hands on fifty of them ſometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like;—they never complain of ill uſage, and, when diſmiſſed from my preſence——though ever ſo abruptly——take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed— nor ſuch liberty to be taken—with the living:—we are bound—in point of good manners, to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance, and diſpenſe with all the nonſenſe or impertinenece which they broach till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly

and decently oppoſing their ſentiments without exciting their diſguſt, and being in danger of their ſplenetic repreſentation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the *many*——who though quick of hearing——are ſo "ſlow of heart to believe"—propoſitions which are next to ſelf-evident. You and I were not caſt in *one mould*—corporal compariſon will atteſt it,—and yet we are faſhioned ſo much alike, that we may paſs for twins:—were it poſſible to take an inventory of all our ſentiments and feelings—juſt and unjuſt—holy and impure—there would appear as little difference between them as there is between inſtinct and reaſon—or—wit and madneſs: the barriers which ſeparate theſe—like the real eſſence of bodies—eſcape the piercing eye of metaphyſics, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a ſtraight line, which is ſaid to have length without breadth.—O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to inſtruct other aggregates! be as candid as the ſage whom ye pretend to revere—and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!

——I have a *mort* to communicate to you, on different ſubjects—my mountain will be in labour till I ſee you—and then,—what then! why you muſt expect to ſee it bring forth—a mouſe.——I therefore beſeech you to have a watchful eye to the cats!—but it is ſaid that mice were deſigned to be killed by cats—cats to be worried by dogs, &c. &c.—This may be true—and I think I am made to be killed by my cough,—which is a perpetual plague to me:

what, in the name of ſound lungs, has my cough to do with you—or you with my cough?

I am, Sir, with the moſt perfect affection and eſteem,

Your humble ſervant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXXI.

TO ****.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, ſet me upon looking gravely for half a day together; ſometimes I concluded you had not ſpoke out, but had ſtronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good nature knew how to tell me, eſpecially with regard to prudence as a divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the ſolemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon death had been a more ſuitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been ſet on by me. M. F——, whom I regard in the claſs I do you, as my beſt of critics and well-wiſhers, preaches daily to me on the ſame text: "Get your preferment firſt, Lory," he ſays, "and then write and welcome." But ſuppoſe preferment is long a-coming——and, for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the reſurrection of the juſt—and am all that time in labour, how muſt I bear my pains? Like pious divines? or, rather, like able philoſophers, knowing that one paſſion is only

to be combated with another? But to be ſerious (if I can), I will uſe all reaſonable caution,—only with this caution along with it not to ſpoil my books, that is, the air and originality of it, which muſt reſemble the author; and I fear it is the number of theſe ſlighter touches, which make the reſemblance, and identify it from all others of the ſame ſtamp, which this under-ſtrapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to ſtrike out.——A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over Triſtram, made anſwer, upon my ſaying I would conſider the colour of my coat as I corrected it, that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat. —Still I promiſe to be cautious, but deny I have gone as far as Swift; he keeps a due diſtance from Rabelais; I keep a due diſtance from him. Swift has ſaid a hundred things I durſt not ſay, unleſs I was dean of St. Patrick's.

I like your caution, "Ambitioſa recides ornamenta." As I reviſe my book, I will ſhrive my conſcience upon that ſin and whatever ornaments are of that kind ſhall be defaced without mercy. Ovid is juſtly cenſured for being "ingenii ſui amator;" and it is a reaſonable hint to me, as I'm not ſure I am clear of it. To ſport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is ſurfeiting; like toying with a man's miſtreſs, it may be very delightful ſolacement to the inamorato, but little to the by-ſtander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime, if my readers knew how much I have ſuppreſſed of this device. I have burnt more wit than I have publiſh-

ed, on that very account, ſince I began to avoid the fault, I fear, I may yet have given proofs of.——I will reconſider Slop's fall and my too minute deſcription of it; but in general I am perſuaded that the happineſs of the Cervantic humour ariſes from this very thing,——of deſcribing ſilly and trifling events with the circumſtantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can eaſe it.—I have a project of getting Triſtram put into the hands of the Archbiſhop, if he comes down this autumn, which will eaſe my mind of all trouble upon the topic of diſcretion.

I am, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXII.

TO MR. B.

Exeter, July 17. 1775.

THIS was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *ſouſed*.——He drew it up in a few moments without ſtopping his pen. I ſhould be glad to ſee it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's memoirs, &c. If you ſhould have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a miſapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writing lies in the moſt happy choice of metaphors and alluſions—ſuch as ſhowed his philoſophic judgment, at the ſame time that they diſplay his wit and genius—but it is not for me to comment on, or correct ſo great an ori-

ginal.——I ſhould have ſent this fragment as ſoon as I ſaw Mrs. Medalle's advertiſement, had I not been at a diſtance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this poſthumous work of a man to whom no one is more indebted for amuſement and inſtruction, than,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

S. F.

AN IMPROMPTU.

No—not one farthing would I give for ſuch a coat in wet weather, or dry———If the ſun ſhines, you are ſure of being melted, becauſe it cloſes ſo tight about one—if it rains, it is no more a defence than a cobweb—a very ſieve, o' my conſcience! that lets through every drop, and, like many other things that are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with diſappointment, and makes you curſe the impoſture when it is too late to avail one's ſelf of the diſcovery. Had I been wiſe, I ſhould have examined the claim the coat had to the title of "defender of the "body"—before I had truſted my body in it.——I ſhould have held it up to the light, like other ſuſpicious matters, to have ſeen how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out——whether it was no more than ſuch a frail, flimſy, contexture of fleſh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every track of this dirty world, could have comfortably and ſafely diſpenſed

with in ſo ſhort a journey———taking into my account the chance of ſpreading trees—thick hedges o'erhanging the road——with twenty other coverts that a man may thruſt his head under———if he is not violently puſhed on by that d—d ſtimulus——you know where—that will not let a man ſit ſtill in one place for half a minute together——but like a young mettleſome tit, is eternally on the fret, and is for puſhing on ſtill farther—or if the poor ſcared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gyves and a halter dangling before his eyes——Now, in either caſe, he has not a minute to throw away in ſtanding ſtill, but, like King Lear, muſt brave "the peltings of "a pitileſs ſtorm," and give heaven leave to "rum-"ble its bellyful—ſpit fire——or ſpout rain"——as ſpitefully as it pleaſeth, without finding the inclination or the reſolution to ſlacken his pace, leſt ſomething ſhould be loſt that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of ——Now, had I acted with as much prudence as ſome other good folks———I could name many of them who have been made b——ps within my remembrance, for having been hooded and muffled up in a large quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my ſhare—and abſolutely for nothing elſe—as will be ſeen when they are undreſſed another day——Had I but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth without leſſening much of the ſize, or injuring in the leaſt the ſhape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or confining to a leſs circumference,

the ſuperb ſweet of any one cloak that any one b———p ever wrapt himſelf up in———I ſhould never have given this coat a place upon my ſhoulders,———I ſhould have ſeen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain, by how little it would keep in of darkneſs—This a coat for a rainy day? Do, pray, madam, hold it up to that window——did you ever ſee ſuch an *illuſtrious* coat ſince the day you could diſtinguiſh between a coat and a pair of breeches?——My lady did not underſtand derivatives, and ſo ſhe could not ſee quite through my ſplendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the ſame "darkneſs of exceſ- "five light." What a flood of it breaks in through this rent? what an irradiation beams through that? what twinklings—what ſparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the ſun? Make a fan out of it, for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church—It has not ſerved me for one purpoſe—it will ſerve them for two—This is coarſe ſtuff——of worſe manufacture than the cloth—Put it to its proper uſe, for I love when things ſort and join well—Make a philtre * of it—while there is a drop to be extracted——I know but one

* This alluſion is improper. A philtre originally ſignifies a love potion——and as it is uſed as a noun from the verb *philtrate*—it muſt ſignify a *ſtrainer*, not a *ſucker*——Cloth is ſometimes uſed for the purpoſe of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough; but as he drew up this fragment without ſtopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of ſome of his terms.

thing in the world that will draw, drain, or ſuck like it—and that is—neither wool nor flax.—Make —make any thing of it, but a vile hypocritical coat for me——for I never can ſay *ſub Jove* (whatever Juno might) that "it is a pelaſure to *be wet*."

L. STERNE.

THE

FRAGMENT.

THE

FRAGMENT.

CHAP. I.

Showing two Things; firſt, what a Rabelaic Fellow, LONGINUS RABELAICUS, *is; and, ſecondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.*

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbiſhop and biſhops, as the *reſt* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongſt us for ſuch a work, was fully bent within himſelf, to ſit down immediately and compoſe a thorough-ſtitch'd ſyſtem of the KERUKOPAEDIA, fairly ſetting forth, to the beſt of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpoſe, all that is needful to be known and underſtood of that art?——Of what art? cried PANURGE, Good God! anſwered LONGINUS (making an exclamation, but taking care at the ſame time to moderate his voice), why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, roſtrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems——I will be ſhot, quoth *Epiſtemon*, if all this ſtory of thine of a roaſted horſe is ſimply no more than S——.

Sauſages! quoth *Panurge*. Thou haſt fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, anſwered *Epiſtemon*, for I hold them to be *Sermons*——which ſaid word (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree for a book of high rhetoric——*Longinus Rabelaicus* was foreminded to uſher and lead in his diſſertation with as much pomp and parade as he could afford;——and for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horſe, or the *Kerukopaedia* is nothing but the art of making 'em——And why not, quoth *Gymnaſt*, of preaching them when we have done?—Believe me, dear ſouls, this is half in half—and if ſome ſkilful body would but put us in a way to do this to ſome *tune*——Thou wouldſt not have them *chanted* ſurely? quoth *Trikoulet*, laughing.—No, nor *canted* neither! quoth *Gymnaſt*, crying—but what I mean, my friends, ſays *Longinus Rabelaicus* (who is certainly one of the greateſt critics in the weſtern world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever exiſted)—what I mean, ſays he, interrupting them both, and reſuming his diſcourſe, is this, that if all the ſcatter'd rules of the *Kerukopaedia* could be but once carefully collected into one code, as thick as *Panurge's* head, and the whole *cleanly* digeſted—(Poogh, ſays *Panurge*, who felt himſelf aggrieved)—and bound up, continued *Longinus*, by way of a regular inſtitute, and then put into the hands of every licenſed preacher in Great Britain and Ireland, juſt before he began to compoſe, I maintain it—I deny it flatly, quoth *Panurge*——What? anſwered *Longinus Rabelaicus*, with all the temper in the world.

CHAP. II.

In which the Reader will begin to form a judgment of what an hiſtorical, Dramatical, Anecdotical, Allegorical, and Comical kind of a Work he has got hold of.

HOMENAS, who had to preach next Sunday (before God knows whom) knowing nothing at all of the matter—was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room:——for, having fouled two clean ſheets of his own, and being quite ſtuck faſt in the entrance upon his third general *diviſion*, and finding himſelf unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace——"curſe "it," ſays he (thereby excommunicating every mother's ſon who ſhould think differently), "why may "not a man lawfully call in for help in this, as well "as any other human emergency?"——So, without any more argumentation, except ſtarting up and nimming down from the top ſhelf but one, the ſecond volume of *Clarke*—though without any felonious intention of ſo doing, he had begun to clap me in (making a joint firſt) five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half of good thoughts all of a row; and, becauſe there was a confounded high gallery—was tranſcribing it away like a little devil. "Now," quoth *Homenas* to himſelf, "though I hold all this to be fare and ſquare, yet, if I am found out, there will be the deuce and all to pay."—*Why are the bells ringing backwards, you*

lad? What is *all that crowd about, honeſt man?' HOMENAS was got upon Doctor CLARKE'S back, ſir—And what of that, my lad? Why, and pleaſe you, he has broke his neck, and fractured his ſkull, and befouled himſelf into the bargain, by a fall from the pulpit two ſtories high.* Alas! poor *Homenas! Homenas* has done his buſineſs!——*Homenas* will never preach more while breath is in his body.—No, faith, I ſhall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may ſit up whole winter nights, baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as ſolid as a *Father* of the church——or I may ſit down whole ſummer days, evaporating my ſpirits into the fineſt thoughts, and write as florid as a *Mother* of it. In a word, I may compoſe myſelf off my legs, and preach till I burſt—and when I have done, it will be worſe than if not done at all.—*Pray, Mr. Such-a-one, who held forth laſt Sunday? Doctor Clarke, I trow, ſays one. Pray, what Doctor Clarke? ſays a ſecond: Why, Homenas's Doctor Clarke, quoth a third.* O rare *Homenas!* cries a fourth: Your *ſervant,* Mr. *Homenas,* quoth a *fifth.*——'Twill be all over with me, by Heaven!——I may as well put the book from whence I took it.—Here *Homenas* burſt into a flood of tears, which falling down helter ſkelter, ding dong, without any kind of intermiſſion for ſix minutes and almoſt twenty-five ſeconds, had a marvellous effect upon his diſcourſe; for, the aforeſaid tears, do you mind, did ſo temper the wind that was riſing upon the aforeſaid diſcourſe, but, falling for the moſt part perpendicularly, and hitting the ſpirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally,

all over the ſurface of the harrangue, they not only played the devil and all with the ſublimity—but, moreover, the ſaid tears, by their nitrous quality, did ſo rerſigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his ſoul, all the unſavoury particles which lay fermenting (as you ſaw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the cooleſt and chaſteſt ſtyle (for a *ſoliloquy* I think) that ever mortal man uttered.

"This is really and truly a very hard caſe," continued *Homenas* to himſelf—*Panurge*, by the by, and all the company in the next room, hearing all along every ſyllable he ſpoke; for you muſt know, that notwithſtanding *Panurge* had opened his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round anſwer to *Longinus Rabelaicus's* interrogation, which concluded the laſt chapter—yet *Homenas's* rhetoric had poured in ſo like a torrent, ſlap-daſh through the wainſcot amongſt them, and happening at that *uncritical* criſis, when *Panurge* had juſt put his ugly face into the above-ſaid poſture of defence —that he ſtopt ſhort——he did indeed—and though his head was full of matter, and he had ſcrewed up every nerve and muſcle belonging to it, till all cried *crack* again, in order to give a due projectile force to what he was going to let fly full in *Longinus Rabelaicus's* teeth, who ſat over againſt him—yet, for all that, he had the continence to contain himſelf, for he ſtopt ſhort, I ſay, without uttering one word except Z—ds—Many reaſons may be aſſigned for this; but the moſt true, the moſt ſtrong, the moſt hydroſtatical, and the moſt philoſophical reaſon, why

Panurge did not go on, was—that the fore-mentioned *torrent* did ſo *drown* his voice, that he had none left to go on with.—God help him, poor fellow! ſo he ſtopt ſhort (as I have told you before)—and all the time *Homenas* was ſpeaking, he ſaid not another word, good or bad, but ſtood gaping, and ſtaring like what you pleaſe—ſo that the break, marked thus—which *Homenas's* grief had made in the middle of his diſcourſe, which he could no more help than he could fly—produced no other change in the room where *Longinus Rabelaicus*, *Epiſtemon*, *Gymnaſt*, *Triboulet*, and nine or ten more honeſt blades had got Kerukopaedizing together, but that it gave time to *Gymnaſt* to give *Panurge* a good ſquaſhing chuck under his double chin; which *Panurge* taking in good part, and juſt as it was meant by *Gymnaſt*, he forthwith ſhut his mouth—and gently ſitting down upon a ſtool, though ſomewhat eccentrically and out of neighbours row, but liſtening, as all the reſt did, with might and main, they plainly and diſtinctly heard every ſyllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.

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